

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the French Revolution. From the French of A. THIERS and F. BODIN. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1642. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THE annals of history, fertile as they are in remarkable events, do not furnish one more striking than that of the French revolution; and, were it not so recent that we are enabled to verify the facts, the occurrences with which it was fraught would appear as the reveries of a feverish dream, or the imaginations of romance. In a few short years, we have seen France pass from an arbitrary monarchy to a wild republic, and play such freaks, both as to religion and politics, as it is scarcely possible to believe rational men, in an enlightened age, could be guilty of; it seemed as if the whole nation was intoxicated or insane, or if as some demon, with supernatural power, was inflaming all the bad passions, and urging men to massacre and bloodshed. From despotism to republicanism, and then to a dictatorship—and all this within a few years did France pass; infidelity succeeded bigotry: and yet the French, who thirty years ago overturned the altar and the throne, and sacrificed their king, have relapsed into nearly all the errors that millions fell to correct, and offer incense as gross to the brother of the king they executed, as they once did to him or any of his ancestors. This is, however, but a feeble outline of those extremes to which the French have, within the last few years gone, and the general events are too well known to require us to dwell on them.

Much has already been written on the French revolution, but that principally by contemporaries, who, if they were witnesses of the events they recorded, were also too deeply involved in them to be strictly impartial. The present is, however, a period when an author, standing between that epoch and posterity, may fearlessly do justice to both. The authors of the work now before us, seem aware that they stand in that situation; they are enabled to distinguish between the cause and those who espoused it, and having seized the moment when the actors of an eventful drama are about to quit the scene, they can collect their testimony without partaking of their passions, or their prejudices.

The authors of this history appear to possess one great requisite—that of honest impartiality; they distinguish between freedom and anarchy, between good government and despotism, and they mark with just reprehension the atrocities which, as faithful historians, they are compelled to record. The work only embraces the actual period of the revolution, to the establishment of a republic on the fall of the Girondists: this is, no

doubt, the period of the revolution, but it was succeeded by an era and events so extraordinary, that we wish Messrs. Thiers and Bodin would continue their history down to the fall of Bonaparte, and the restoration to the throne of France of the family it had proscribed. We ought, however, to thank these authors for what they have done; they have given us a faithful and well-written history of one of the most interesting, but, at the same time one of the most awful epochs the world has presented.

Our authors commence with a view of France, on the accession of Louis XVI., when the public mind had been long unsettled, and France was evidently verging on some important change, hastened by the dissensions of the clergy and the parliament, who were contesting the power of the court; and the court itself was careless and tranquil, wasting the property of the people, whilst surrounded by the greatest disorders. Industry had, by this time, ameliorated the condition of the French population; agriculture, commerce, and manufactures made progressive steps, and literature followed; these united, acquired sufficient importance to influence the whole nation; and the people, anxious to profit by the mistakes of the contending parties, broached dogmas and theories, the most extravagant:—

‘Inability to act only made the views of the people the more exaggerated. The double ambition of recovering their rank in the state and in Europe increased the ferment of their minds, and all their griefs were imbibed by seeing themselves so weakly defended or meanly abandoned by their masters. Such was the eighteenth century. Its iniquity had reached its height when Louis XVI. an equitable, moderate, and benevolent prince, whilst yet very young, ascended the throne. He elevated an old courtier to the highest place in his councils, and divided his confidence between Maurepas and the queen,—an Austrian princess of lively and amiable disposition, who had obtained the greatest ascendancy over him. But Maurepas and the queen not agreeing together, and the king yielding sometimes to his minister and sometimes to his wife, began very early to show his unstable disposition. Not disguising from himself the state of his kingdom, he believed the philosophers on this point; but having been educated in severely religious principles, he, in other respects, entertained a decided dislike both against their opinions and themselves. The public voice, which at that time expressed itself loudly, pointed out to him, as a proper person to call to his counsels, Turgot, a member of the Society of the Economists. Turgot was a man of a simple

and virtuous character, but although his political views were extended, he possessed an obstinacy of mind which but ill fitted him for his situation. Convinced of his honesty and charmed with his projects of reform, Louis XVI. has often declared, “There are none but myself and Turgot who are the friends of the people.”

The reformatory of Turgot were defeated by the nobles, and Louis dismissed him with regret, and took Necker for his minister of finances. ‘He was a skilful financier, and an upright economist, but a vain man, who set himself up as moderator and judge in every question, whether of philosophy, religion, or liberty; and deceived by the praises of his friends, and by the transports of a populace seized with admiration of all reformers, flattered himself that he could lead the public mind into the adoption of his own views.’

M. de Calonne succeeded Necker, and the public treasury being empty, he endeavoured to meet the evil, by a reduction of the expenses of the state, and an extension of the taxes to a greater number of contributors. This was only to be done by the consent of the privileged orders, and he tried to unite them in an assembly, composed entirely of ‘notables.’ We shall not, however, dwell on the debates in this assembly, or the dissensions in the parliaments, but merely observe, that it declared itself unauthorised to consent to taxes, and maintained that that power solely belonged to the States General:

‘This declaration of incompetency, and even of usurpation, for the parliament had until then arrogated to itself the right of consenting to taxes, astonished every one. The prelate minister irritated by this opposition, commanded the parliament to assemble immediately at Versailles, and had the two acts enregistered in a “lit de justice.” The parliament on their return to Paris made protests, and ordered an inquiry into the prodigalities of Calonne. Suddenly a decision of the council broke up its proceedings, and banished it to Troyes.

‘Such was the situation of things on the 15th day of August, 1787. The two brothers of the king, Monsieur and the Count d’Artois, were sent, one to the Court of Accounts, and the other to the Court of Aids, to have the edicts there enregistered. The first, who had become popular by the opinions he had manifested in the assembly of “notables,” was received by an immense crowd with acclamation, and reconducted to the Luxembourg in the midst of universal applauses. The Count d’Artois, who was odious on account of the support he had given to Calonne was saluted by murmurs of discontent; his suite was attacked, and he himself was

obliged to have recourse to an armed force for his protection.

Political assemblies now began to be formed in various parts of the kingdom, in which their rights were discussed, and the proceedings of the court freely censured; mobs and riots succeeded. On the 6th of May, 1788, the States General met, including the third estate, the elections of which had just taken place; the two other estates were the nobility and the clergy. The first dispute might seem a trivial, but it was made a serious, one; it was, whether the verification of their powers should be a general or a separate transaction. The nobility and clergy insisted on a separate verification, which the commons refused. A month passed, and the latter still invited the two other estates to join them, without effect. On the motion of Sieyes, who was introduced by Mirabeau, a last invitation was given:—

‘The two orders answered that they must deliberate; and the king that he would make known his intentions. The calling over of the bailiwicks commenced. On the first day, three clergymen joined the commons, and were received with acclamation; on the second, six came; and on the third and fourth, ten, among whom was the Abbé Grégoire. During the calling over of the bailiwicks and the verification of the powers, a weighty dispute arose, concerning the title the assembly should take. Mirabeau proposed that of Representatives of the French People; Mounier, that of The Majority deliberating in the absence of The Minority; the deputy Legend, that of The National Assembly. The last was adopted after a long discussion, which was prolonged to the hour of midnight, on the 16th of June. At one o'clock in the morning the commons were deliberating whether they should constitute themselves a national assembly during the present sitting, or put it off till the next day.’

They adjourned; and on the following day, the 17th of June, constituted themselves a National assembly, by a majority of 491 to 90. The king, on the 20th suspended their sittings until the 23d, but they met in the Tennis court, and took a solemn oath never to separate, until the constitution of the kingdom was established, and settled on the most solid foundation. On the 23d, the royal sitting took place:—

‘It was arranged that the deputies of the commons should enter the chamber by a by-way door, whilst the nobility and clergy made their entrance in the regular way. In lieu of violence, humiliations were not spared. The commons remained dripping in the rain a long time before the door was opened for them. The president rapped, and called frequently, but was answered from within, that it was yet too early. The deputies were now about to retire, when the doors at last were opened, and, on entering, they found their seats occupied by the two first orders. This assembly was very unlike that of the 5th of May. The hopes of all parties were then high, and the solemnity majestic and affecting. Numerous bands of soldiers might now be seen in all parts of the chamber, and a gloomy silence prevailed

throughout. The deputies of the commons persisted in the most obstinate taciturnity. The king first addressed the assembly; but his expressions, which were too energetic for his character, betrayed his counsellors. Reproaches and commands were put into his mouth. He ordered the separation of the three orders; annulled the proceedings of the third class; and promised to sanction the abdication of pecuniary privileges, when they were resigned by their possessors. He required the maintenance of all feudal rights, both practical and honorary, as inviolable property; and concluded by saying, that, although he did not enjoin any junction of the three orders, he left the third class to hope for it from the moderation of the highest ranks.

‘Thus he endeavoured to force the obedience of the commons, and contented himself with supposing that of the aristocracy. He left the nobility and clergy judges of that which particularly concerned themselves, and finished by saying, that if he met with any further obstacles, he should take the good of his people solely into his own hands, and regard himself as their only representative. This tone and language deeply irritated the minds of the commons, not against the king, who represented feebly those passions which were not his own, but against the aristocracy, of whom he was the organ.

‘Immediately after his discourse, he ordered the assembly to break up. The nobility and part of the clergy followed him: the other ecclesiastical deputies remained: the commons kept their seats, and preserved a profound silence. Mirabeau first rose. “Gentlemen,” said he, “if the presents of despotism were not always dangerous, we might imagine that the admonitions we have just received might be salutary.—What! an array of arms, and the violation of the national temple, to command you to be happy!—Where are the enemies of the nation? Is Cataline at our gates?—I call upon you, gentlemen, to assert your dignity, and legislative power, and to call to mind the religious obligation of your oath which will not suffer you to separate, till you have established a constitution.”’

But we skip in our narrative, to show to what an extent of savage ferocity, the most polished people in the world, as the French would make us believe they are, went. We allude to the massacres in the prisons, planned by Danton and his associates on the night of the 30th and 31st of August, 1793:—

‘Three years before, a person named Maillard figured at the head of the band of women who marched to Versailles on the famous 5th of October. This Maillard was a bailiff by occupation; in mind intelligent; in disposition sanguinary; and, since the unquiet times of the revolution, had left every man at large to exert his own influence, without any control or impediment, he had collected together a band of ignorant and low-born associates, who were prepared for every desperate undertaking. He himself was captain of this band; and, if we may credit a discovery which transpired so long a time after the event it refers to, he was em-

ployed by Danton and his party in the execution of the most atrocious cruelties. He was ordered to place himself in a situation best calculated to effect this dire intention; to prepare instruments of death; to take every precaution to stifle the cries of his victims: and to have vinegar, holly-brooms, lime, and covered carriages in readiness for all these purposes.’

On the 3rd of September,—

‘The ministers assembled at the hotel of the marine department only waited for Danton, to hold their council. The whole city was on tiptoe. Terror reigned in the prisons. The royal family, to whom every noise seemed menace, anxiously demanded the cause of so much agitation. The gaolers of the several prisons appeared struck with consternation. He who had the care of the Abbaye sent away his wife and children in the morning. Dinner was served to the prisoners two hours before the accustomed time; and all the knives were taken from their plates. Alarmed at these circumstances, the victims demanded the cause with importunity, but could obtain no answer. At two o'clock the generale commenced beating to arms; the tocsin sounded, and the alarm cannon was fired. Troops of citizens crowded to the Champ de Mars; others surrounded the commune and the assembly; and all the public places were, in like manner, thronged to excess.

‘This was the moment chosen for the transfer of eighty recusant priests from the Hotel de Ville to the Abbaye. They were removed in hackney coaches, escorted by Bréton and some confederates, and conducted at a slow pace towards the Faubourg St. Germain, along the quays, the Pont Neuf, and the Rue Dauphine. The rabble surrounded the carriages, and heaped upon them every species of insult. The confederates pointed them out: “Behold,” said they, “the conspirators who had designed to murder us, our wives, and children, whilst we were on the frontiers.” These words heightened the indignation of the multitude. The doors of the coaches were opened, and the unfortunates within endeavoured to shut them to shelter themselves from the outrages which assailed them, but the attempt was ineffectual, and they were forced to sit patiently under the assaults of the infuriated populace. They at last arrived at the court of the Abbaye. An immense crowd had collected there to meet them. This court led to the prisons, and communicated with the saloon where the sections of the “Four Nations” held their sittings. The first carriage drew up before the door of the committee, and was immediately surrounded by a throng of furious-looking men. Maillard was already there. The coach-door being opened, the priest nearest to it descended, and was making his way towards the committee, when he fell covered with a thousand wounds. The second endeavoured to draw back, but was dragged out by force, and suffered the fate of the former. The two others shared the same fate, and their murderers then abandoned the first carriage, and betook themselves to those which followed. These entered, one after

another, eighty priests, clamorous.

‘At this time, this blood on the streets, frightful to appear active in boldly forcing on his shambles, trampled priests, butchered he, “you sacrificed lard was crowd: here,” of the Carn.

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‘This court, in those sla scarcely took place all these cried out then led gang, w with vic heard th their dea through The first dragged into the Meanwh faithful gister, a One of t the rest, advancing mounted titude: are bent crats, th conspire children.

another, the fatal court, and the last of the eighty priests expired amidst the savage acclamations of the furious rabble.

'At the moment of the consummation of this bloody deed, Billaud-Varrennes arrived on the spot. Of all those concerned in these frightful massacres, he alone dared constantly to approve of them, and appear personally active in their perpetration. He now came boldly forward, and, with his scarf of office on his shoulders, walked in the blood, and trampled on the bodies of the murdered priests, addressing at the same time the butcher throng about him: "People," said he, "you have done your duty, you have sacrificed your enemies." The voice of Maillard was immediately after heard above the crowd: "There is nothing more to be done here," cried he, "let us go to the church of the Carmelites."

'In this place two hundred priests were confined. The gang broke into it; and the unhappy victims, giving up all hope, ejaculated a prayer to heaven, embraced one another, and resigned themselves to death. The archbishop of Arles was first sought out, and, being soon discovered, was despatched by a sabre-cut over the neck. But the sword was found too dilatory a weapon; fire-arms were, therefore, resorted to, and general discharges of musketry quickly strewed the church with the bodies of the dead; some also fell in the garden, others, in attempting to climb over the walls, and some in the trees, where they had endeavoured to conceal themselves.

'Whilst this massacre was carrying on at the church of the Carmelites, Maillard, with a party of his band, returned to the Abbaye. He presented himself at the section of the Four Nations, covered with perspiration and blood, and demanded "wine for his brave comrades, who had delivered the nation from its enemies." The committee, struck with consternation, granted him twenty-four pints.

'This was served out upon tables in the court, in the midst of the mangled bodies of those slain in the afternoon. The wine was scarcely drank when another atrocious scene took place. Maillard, who was the leader in all these massacres, pointing to the prison, cried out "*à l'Abbaye*" (to the Abbey). He then led the way, and was followed by his gang, who assaulted the gate of the prison with violence. The poor wretches within heard the din, and considered it a signal for their death. The gaoler and his wife fainted through fright. The doors were burst open. The first prisoners who were laid hold of were dragged out by the feet, and thrown bleeding into the court, to be butchered by the mob. Meanwhile Maillard and some of his most faithful comrades demanded the gaoler's register, and the keys of the several prisons. One of the gaolers, however, more bold than the rest, endeavoured to remonstrate; and, advancing towards the wicket of the door, he mounted on a stool, and addressed the multitude: "My friends," said he, "I see you are bent upon the destruction of the aristocrats, the enemies of the people, who have conspired against the lives of your wives and children. In this you are undoubtedly right;

but you are good citizens, you love justice, and would be shocked to dip your hands in innocent blood." "Yes, yes," cried out the executioners. "I ask, then," resumed the gaoler, "if you do not expose yourself to the danger of confounding the innocent with the guilty, when you rush like tigers upon your prey, making no distinction, and listening to no appeals." Here he was interrupted by one of the gang, who, flourishing his sabre, exclaimed: "Would you have us sleep in the midst of danger? If the Prussians and Austrians were at Paris, would they distinguish between guilt and innocence? I have a wife and children, whom I will not leave in danger. If you think fit, give the scoundrels arms, and we will engage an equal number of them, but Paris must be purged before we depart." "Right, right," exclaimed many voices, and a push was made forward; nevertheless, they were at last prevailed on to desist, and consent to a species of trial. The gaoler's books were then given up, and it was decided that one of the band should be appointed president, to read the names, and the cause of every prisoner's detention, and that immediate sentence should be passed on all the culprits. The business of electing a president now engaged the attention of all, and the name of Maillard was shouted from every quarter. This blood-thirsty butcher was, therefore, instantly invested with his terrific but congenial authority; and, seated before a table covered with the gaoler's registers, and surrounded by a few of his gang, chosen at random from the multitude, to assist him by their advice, the prisoners were summoned, one after another, before his appalling judgment-seat. They were led out to their trial by hands already dyed in blood, and then thrust among the wild beasts, panting for their destruction. The sentence of condemnation was pronounced in these words: "*Monsieur, à la Force*" (to the prison of La Force), and the unfortunate victim was then precipitated through the partition which separated the judges from the executioners, and found his death on the blades of sabres already clotted with carnage.

'The first who were brought before this dread tribunal were the Swiss soldiers imprisoned in the Abbaye, whose officers had been removed to the Conciergerie. "You are those," said Maillard, "who assassinated the people on the 10th of August." "But we were attacked," replied the unfortunates, "and obeyed our commanders." "It does not signify," resumed Maillard, coldly, and pronounced the sentence "*À la Force*." The wretched victims could not mistake the dire import of these words, for they perceived the menacing sabres on the other side of the wicket; they hung back, and crowded behind one another in fearful recoil, till one, more bold than the rest, asked, "Whither he must pass." The door was opened to him; and, stooping his head, he rushed with hopeless desperation into the midst of sabres and pikes. The rest followed his example, and shared his fate.

'The females were all now locked up together in the same room, and other prisoners were brought forward. Several accused of

forgery next suffered. After them, the celebrated Montmorin, whose acquittal had caused so much discontent, but had not gained him his freedom, was led out. Being presented to the blood-stained president, he declared that he had been tried by the regular tribunal, and could acknowledge no other. "Be it so," replied Maillard; "prepare, nevertheless, for a different sentence." The ex-minister, who understood not this language, asked for a carriage. He was answered he would find one at the door. He then demanded permission to take with him a few necessities, but, receiving no answer, he advanced towards the wicket, and there discovered and fell into the snare of death.

'After him, Thiery, the valet-de-chambre of the king, was led forward. "Like master, like man," exclaimed Maillard, and he was instantly assassinated. Buob and Boccuillon then advanced. They were accused of having been members of a secret committee held at the Tuileries, and this was sufficient for their condemnation and death. The night was now fast approaching, and the prisoners, hearing the acclamations of the assassins, felt that they had but a few moments to live.

'This frightful massacre lasted the whole night. The executioners and judges alternately exchanged their situations. Wine stimulated their thirst for blood, and the goblets out of which they drank were marked with the prints of their blood-dropping fingers. Yet in the midst of this carnage some victims were spared, and their lives were granted to them with every frantic demonstration of drunken joy. One young man, who was claimed by one of the sections, and declared free from aristocracy, was acquitted in the midst of acclamations of "Long live the nation!" and carried in triumph in the blood-stained arms of the executioners. The venerable Sombreuil, governor of the invalids, was afterwards led forth and condemned. His daughter, from the middle of the prison, heard his fate pronounced, and springing forward, darted into the midst of the pikes and sabres, clung round her father, and implored mercy from the murderers in such an heart-piercing accent, and such torrents of tears, that their fury was for a moment suspended. To put her sensibility to the test, they offered her a goblet full of blood. "Drink," said they, "drink the blood of the aristocrats!" She drank, and her father was saved. The daughter of Cazotte also succeeded in rescuing her parent in like manner; but she was still more happy, and obtained his safety without undergoing such a horrible test of her affection.

'These scenes caused tears to stream from the eyes of the assassins, yet they returned immediately to demand fresh victims; and one of those who had displayed this sensibility, instantly resumed his dreadful office of leading out the prisoners to death, and was on the point of killing the gaoler, because he had not supplied his victims with water for the last twenty-four hours. Another of these singular monsters interested himself in a prisoner whom he was leading to the wicket, because he heard him speak the lan-

guage of his country. "Why are you here," said he, to M. Journiac de Saint Méard. "If you are not a traitor, the president, who is no fool, will give you justice. Do not tremble, but answer me." He was presented to Maillard, who, looking over the register—"Ah," said he, "M. Journiac, you are he who wrote in the journal of the court and the city." "No," replied the prisoner, "it is a calumny; I never wrote in it." "Take care," replied Maillard, "falsehood is punished here with death." "Did you not recently absent yourself to join the army of the emigrants?" "This is another calumny," replied he; "I have a certificate attesting that I have been for the last twenty-three months in Paris." "Whose certificate is it? Is the signature authentic?" Happily for M. de Journiac, a person was present to whom the subscriber of the certificate was personally known. The signature was, therefore, declared worthy of credit. "You see, then," resumed M. Journiac, that I have been calumniated." "If the calumniator was here," replied Maillard, "he should receive terrible justice. But answer me, were you imprisoned here for nothing?" "No," answered M. de Journiac, "I was known for an aristocrat." "Aristocrat!" "Yes, aristocrat; but you are not here to judge of opinions, but actions; mine are blameless; I have never conspired; my soldiers, in the regiment which I command, are devoted to me, and, when, at Nancy, urged me to seize on Malseigne." Struck with such courage, his judges fixed their eyes on him with astonishment, and Maillard gave the signal of pardon. Immediately the cries of "Live the nation!" resounded from all parts. All hastened to embrace him; and two of the bystanders, enclosing him in their arms, led him safe and sound through the hedge of swords and pikes which a few minutes before menaced his life. M. de Journiac offered them money, but they refused it, and only asked permission to embrace him. Another prisoner, saved in the same manner, was conducted to his house with similar enthusiasm. The executioners, all covered with blood, begged to be permitted to witness the joy of his family, and immediately after returned to the carnage. In such a state of over-wrought excitement, the mind is keenly alive to all the emotions and instincts of its nature; they succeed each other rapidly and convulsively, alternately melting and firing the soul, and hurrying those who have resigned themselves to their unrestrained sway from one extreme to the other with wild caprice; the passions, which seemed one moment quenched in tears, rise the next in flame; the whole man is subject to delirious changes, and he weeps and assassinates, with the same heart-felt sincerity, in the short space of a few minutes. Whilst wading in blood, he is arrested by admiration of courage or devotion; he is sensible of the honour of appearing just, and vain of the semblance of disinterestedness. The events of the deplorable period which we are now narrating afford many instances of these striking contraries; and among this number must be recorded the circumstance of the robbers and

murderers of this night depositing the jewels found on some of the prisoners with the committee of the abbey.

'But the massacre of the captives was not confined to one prison. The gang, having set their tools to work at the Abbey, detached parties to follow their example, at the Chatelet, the Conciergerie, the Bernadins Salpêtrière, and the Bicêtre prisons, all of which were surrounded with mangled carcasses and streams of blood. When the morning dawned upon the havoc of this frightful night, the spectacle it presented to the broad glare of day was as sickening as it was horrifying. Billaud-Varrennes repaired early to the Abbey, where, the evening before, he had encouraged his workmen, as he termed them. He now again addressed them. "My friends," said he, "in slaughtering these wretches you have saved your country. France owes you an eternal debt of gratitude, and the municipality is at a loss how to acknowledge your merit. It however offers you twenty-four livres apiece, and you will be paid immediately." These words excited shouts of applause, and those to whom they were addressed followed Billaud-Varrennes into the committee, to receive the payment which he had promised them. But here a difficulty arose. "Where shall we find the funds," said the president to Billaud, "to pay this debt?" Billaud replied by again eulogizing the massacres, and declared that the minister of the interior ought to have money to be expressly devoted to this purpose. The crowd then immediately hastened to the house of Roland, but he sent them back with indignation, and refused to listen to their demands. The assassins, thus disappointed, returned to the committee, and threatened its members with instant death if they were not immediately paid the wages of their crimes; every one, therefore, was obliged to contribute from his private pocket, and they at last departed satisfied. The commune afterwards repaid these contributors; and several other sums, dedicated to the same purposes, may be seen entered in the account-books: 1463 francs were paid to the executioners up to the date of the 4th of September.

The most savage horde of the most savage nation presents nothing equal to this; but we turn from the horrid narration, and shall resume the work in our next.

Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan, in the Years 1821 and 1822, including some Account of the Countries to the North east of Persia, &c. &c. By JAMES B. FRAZER. 4to. pp. 771. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

MR. FRAZER is favourably known to the public by a Tour to the Himala Mountains, and he has now given an interesting, but too ponderous, and, we fear, in some degree, too prejudiced an account of Persia. The volume, it will be seen, contains nearly eight hundred pages, and yet we are threatened with more tomes, which, we presume, will not be less bulky. We fear our author must have been in an ill mood when he travelled in Persia, and that he viewed things in an

unfavourable light, for he speaks very differently of the country and the inhabitants from other travellers. Which of them comes nearest the truth we cannot decide, and have no reason to doubt that Mr. Frazer was anxious that his information should be as correct as any preceding travellers could be. Every account, however, that we have of the King of Persia represents him as mercenary and tyrannical; but it is a kingly fault in that country; a striking instance of this occurs in the following anecdote. There is a Persian proverb, that a man who is rich is more active than a poor man. When the great Shah Abbas was travelling in Khorasan, and came to a deep chasm, where he was delayed for want of a bridge, he thus turned the proverb to account; he desired a man to leap over it, which he did, and then back again. The king said—

'That fellow must be rich; I am sure he must have gold about him, he leaps so well. Let us see what he has got. The man was stripped upon the spot, and a considerable sum in gold and jewels, presents he had received from the king, were found in his girdle, and carried to his majesty, who told him, "Now try the leap again:" the poor fellow attempted it, but failing, tumbled down the chasm and was killed. The king ordered a bridge to be built over the place with the shatir's money, and the tower just mentioned to be erected to his memory, the ruins of which are still to be seen. The breadth of the chasm is indeed so small, that I have little doubt that a very active man might bound across it in some places; and the depth can be little, if anything, short of a hundred feet.'

At Khorasan Mr. Frazer took great pains to make himself acquainted with the arts and manufactures, which are, of course, in a very backward state, and, consequently, our ingenuity excites their wonder. Mr. F. says—

'They entertain very magnificent and mysterious ideas of the power imparted by Europeans to many of their mechanical inventions, as well as of their profound knowledge in preparing salutary or pernicious drugs; effects nothing less than magical are attributed to many of their inventions. Among other things it was believed that certain telescopes were constructed in Europe capable of viewing all that should pass within the walls of a fortified place, even from a great distance; others, by which, if the proprietor desired it, he could, by looking at the outside of an harem, see all the women within its walls; others again were supposed to be possessed of remarkable powers for observing the heavenly bodies. Our fire-arms, too, were often believed to have peculiar properties, that conferred formidable powers upon their possessors. The same idea prevailed regarding our cutlery. Meerza Abdool Jawat one day showing me at least fifty very good English knives, which he had collected in a drawer, complained that there was not one of them worth a farthing. I looked at them, saw that they were of excellent makers, but had all been ill used; and on inquiring the reason, "Ah!" said he, "they are all bad, all cheats, not

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one of them can cut iron, as they should do."

"Cut iron!" cried I, who ever saw a knife that could cut iron?"—"What!" demanded he, "and have you not among you knives that can cut iron?"—"No, certainly," said I; "who could have told you so foolish a thing?"—"Look, then," said he, again, "what lies are told: hear the story that was retailed to us of you Feringhees. It was said that a certain man once came into the court before your king's *dewan khaneh*, and, after saluting his majesty, he offered for sale a little penknife, which he said was of wonderful powers. The king asked the price of it, and was told by the owner that it was twenty thousand tomauns. "How," said the king, "do you dare to impose on your sovereign in that way? Let him be punished on the spot." Upon that the man went up to a large cannon that was lying in the courtyard, and, making a cut at it with his knife, almost divided it in two, exclaiming, "See there, O king! mark if I told untruths regarding the value of my knife: but now it never shall be yours." With that he broke the blade, and threw the pieces away, nor would he ever make another; "but," added the meerza, "although knives of such uncommon powers are not to be had, I always believed that the good English penknives were calculated to cut steel or iron; and you quite astonish me when you inform me that this is not the case."

Of the various tribes, Mr. Frazer gives many interesting particulars; in describing the Toorkomans, he says:—

"All the men of these tribes are excellent horsemen, and possess a race of horses, the excellence of which is celebrated all over Asia. Those bred by the Tuckehs have at present the greatest repute; only, I believe, because being in greater numbers, there is a more extensive choice among them, for the breeds are the same among them all. They value size and bone much, but blood, evinced by the power of enduring fatigue, still more. Size and bone appear to be indigenous to the horses of the country; figure and blood are borrowed from the Arab, and Nadir Shah took great pains to increase these qualities by sending the finest horses he could obtain from Arabia to improve the breed. After all, I do not think that any one accustomed to the symmetry of the Arab, or even the English horse, would consider them handsome; the impression they at first give is, that they are deficient in compactness; their bodies are long in proportion to their breadth and bulk of carcass, and they are not well ribbed up; they are long, and might be thought deficient in muscle, generally falling off below the knee: they have narrow chests, nor is their general breadth at all remarkable: their necks are long, their heads large, heavy, and seldom well put on; nor does the general appearance give the spectator the idea of activity or fleetness. Such was the first impression conveyed to me by the sight even of the superior horses of the Toorkomans; perhaps the rather low condition they are for the most part kept in, increased its unfavourable nature; and it was not for some time that the effect began to wear off, and the fine

and valuable points of the animal to force themselves into observation. They have large and powerful quarters resembling those of the English horse; the shoulders are often fine, their legs clean and strong, and though generally spare of flesh, what they have is firm and good; and their size unburdened with a load of fat, renders them fit to support the weight of their rider and his burden for an astonishing length of time. I do not by any means intend to assert, that the want of beauty is universal; on the contrary, I have seen some of the Toorkoman horses very handsome; and when they are in good condition, and well groomed, they certainly have a great deal of figure; and on the whole approach more to the character of the English horse than any other breed I have seen in the east.

"Their powers of endurance are indeed almost incredible; when trained for a chappow or plundering expedition, they will carry their riders and provisions for seven or eight days together, at the rate of twenty or even thirty fursungs (loosely, from eighty to one hundred miles) a-day. Their mode of training is more like that of our pugilistic and pedestrian performers, than that adopted for race horses. When any expedition of great length, and requiring the exertion of much speed, is in contemplation, they commence by running their horses every day for many miles together; they feed them sparingly on barley alone, and pile numuds upon them at night to sweat them, until every particle of fat has been removed, and the flesh becomes hard and tendinous; of which they judge by the feel of the muscles, particularly on the crest, at the back of the neck, and on the haunches; and when these are sufficiently firm and hard, they say in praise of the animal, that his "flesh is marble." After this the horse will proceed with wonderful expedition and perseverance, for almost any length of time, without either falling off in condition, or knocking up, while horses that set out fat seldom survive. Upon an occasion shortly before I was in that part of the country, when certain of the king's horsemen, with a party of the Yamoot and Gocklan, made a chappow on the Tuckeh tribe, the former, who set out with horses fat and pampered, lost them almost every one, while the Toorkomans, with their lean but powerful animals, went through the whole fatigue without inconvenience. They are taught a quick walk, a light trot, or a sort of amble, which carries the rider on easily, at the rate of six miles an hour; but they will also go at a round canter, or gallop, for forty or fifty miles, without ever drawing bridle, or showing the least symptom of fatigue. A Toorkoman, with whom I was talking on this subject, with reference to his own horse, offered to go from Mushed to Tehran, or to Bockhara, neither of which journeys is less than five hundred miles, in six days at farthest; and the possibility of the feat was confirmed by hundreds, both Persians and Toorkomans; indeed the distances to which their chappows have frequently extended, prove too fatally that the power exists. But I have reason to believe that their *yaboos* or galloways, and

large ponies are fully as remarkable, if not superior, to their large horses, in their powers of sustaining fatigue; they are stout, compact, spirited beasts, without the fine blood of the larger breeds, but more within the reach of the poorer classes, and consequently used in by far greater numbers than the superior and more expensive horses. It is a common practice of the Toorkomans to teach their horses to fight with their heels, and thus assist their master in the time of action, and at the will of their rider, to run at, and lay hold of with their teeth, whatever men or animals may be before them; this acquirement is useful in the day of battle and plunder, for catching prisoners and stray cattle, but renders them vicious and dangerous to strangers.

"It is quite a mistake to believe that horses are to be had in these parts at low, or even at moderate prices; animals of the best breeds cannot be had under a sum of money equal to £150 or £200 sterling; for some of remarkable blood and beauty, I have heard £350 to £400 demanded; and nothing possessing the most moderate degree of goodness united with size and figure, can be had under £50 to £100 sterling. Common horses, good enough for drudges, but with no degree of blood, nor belonging to the favourite Toorkoman breeds, may be had at small enough prices, but even good *yaboos*, bred in the desert, will sell for £30 to £40 sterling."

"The Toorkoman women are not shut up, or concealed like those of most Mahometan countries, nor do they even wear veils; the only thing resembling them is a silken or cotton curtain which is worn tied round the face, so as to conceal all of it below the nose, and which falls down upon their breasts. They do not rise and quit the tent upon the entrance of a stranger, but continue occupied unconcernedly with whatever work they were previously engaged upon. They are, in truth, rather familiar with strangers; and have even the reputation of being well disposed to regard them with peculiar favour; it is said, indeed, that they not unfrequently assume the semblance of allurements, with the treacherous intention of seducing the incautious stranger into improper liberties; upon which the alarm is given, the men rush in, and convicting their unhappy guest of a breach of the laws of hospitality, they doom him without further ceremony to death, or captivity, making a prize of all he may have possessed.

"The head-dress of these women is singular enough; most of them wear a lofty cap, with a broad crown resembling that sort of soldier's cap called a shako; this is stuck upon the back of the head, and over it is thrown a silk handkerchief of a very brilliant colour, which covers the top, and falls down on each side like a veil thrown back. The front of this is covered with ornaments of silver or gold, in various shapes; most frequently gold coins, mohrs or tomauns, strung in rows, with silver bells or buttons, and chains depending from them; hearts and other fanciful forms with stones set in them; the whole gives rather the idea of gorgeous trappings for a horse, than ornaments for a female. The frames of these monstrous caps

are made of light chips of wood, or split reeds, covered with cloth; and when they do not wear these, they wrap a cloth around their heads in the same form; and carelessly throw another, like a veil, over it; the veil or curtain above spoken of, covers the mouth, descending to the breast; ear-rings are worn in the ears, and their long hair is divided, and plaited into four parts, disposed two on each side; one of which falls down behind the shoulder and one before, and both are strung with a profusion of gold ornaments, agates, cornelians, and other stones, according to the means and quality of the wearer.

It is the custom among the Toorkomans for a man to purchase his wife,—a certain number of camels, sheep, or cattle, constituting the price. The women are valuable as servants, not only attending to the household matters, but manufacturing such articles as the family sells, the men paying little attention to anything beyond the larger cattle and their plundering expeditions. It is somewhat singular that, in these bargains, a widow who has been some years married, bears a far higher value than a young girl: the latter will bring from two to four hundred rupees; the former as many thousands. Five camels is a common price for a girl; from fifty to a hundred are often given for a woman who has been married, and is still in the prime of life. The reason assigned for this curious choice is, that the former is not supposed to be as yet by any means acquainted with the management of a family, or with the occupations and manufactures that render a woman valuable to her husband; and so great may be the difference of degree in this species of knowledge, that a woman known to excel in it will command the large price above stated.

It is, however, rendered highly probable from this high price, that polygamy must be less common among the Toorkoman tribes than in other Mahometan countries. Whether from this cause or not, I cannot say; but it is certain that their women are by far more prolific than others, even as I was assured, in the proportion of two to one. I can myself assert, that out of every camp we passed through, such crowds of children issued, that one of my servants, in amazement, cried out that it was "like an ant-hill." They were stout, healthy, hardy little creatures, almost quite naked, and it was admirable to see the courage and unconcern with which infants, that seemed scarcely able to walk, would splash and plunge through streams that would have made an European mother scream. Every thing about them told of the rough school in which they were receiving their education. My host, Khallee Khan, though by no means much advanced in life, had ten fine sons, born of his two wives.

When one of these Toorkomans dies, they wash the body on the spot where he breathed his last, or as near it as possible; and on that spot they raise a little mound, by digging a circular trench, two or three feet wide, throwing the earth up in the centre; and in this mound they plant a tree, or pole, to mark the place. The plain is stud-

ded, in some places pretty thickly with these traces of mortality. The body is carried for interment further into the plain. There are numerous burying-grounds to be seen all over this country, even in the plains near the rivers,—sad proofs of former population and prosperity, now totally disappeared.

If Mr. Frazer is not too far advanced in his second volume, we would advise him to be less prolix, for really such quartos as the one he has just published, draw heavily on the purse and time of a reader.

A Critical Examination of Dr. McCulloch's Work on the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1825. Lizars.

An author, whatever may be his talents or his mode of conducting himself, is never able to calculate with certainty, whether he shall or shall not meet with that reward of praise, or the other more solid commodity, after which persons of this class yearn with so fond a sympathy; but if an author wishes to get himself scolded and called names, and written about, in a manner the least courteous possible, then he has nothing more to do than to tell the truth, particularly if it relates to the people of Scotland, and more especially those of the Highlands. Dr. Johnson took his pilgrimage to the *ultima thule*, with as sincere a devotion as ever induced a Mussulman to wander for the purpose of kissing the caaba; and the doctor had a Scotch flunky, or, as himself styled it, 'a tin-kettle to his tail,' as firmly tied, and as clattering as any animal, quadruped, or biped, dragged after him on a journey, long or short. With some grumbling at the scenery and the weather, and a little boorishness displayed toward the softer sex, the doctor appeared to eat his mutton without any question as to by what means it died, and swallowed his eggs without any chemical analysis of the waters in which they had been boiled; but the doctor had no sooner put forth his book, than a score of Highland parsons, with the left hand up to the knuckles in snuff, and the right still deeper in ink, set forthwith about his annihilation. They failed however; for they and their anger, and their snuff and their ink, have been swept away by the tide of oblivion, while the name of Johnson is as familiar in Fleet Street as it was when he pronounced the view thence to St. Paul's to be the most enchanting in the world.

Next came Mrs. Hamilton, with the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' and it is very probable that neither her sex nor her years would have saved her, had she not very dexterously contrived to fix the locality of her admirable tale so completely between the Highlands and the Lowlands, that the inhabitants of the two divisions of the country kept whisking it backwards and forwards at each other like a shuttlecock, without even seriously blaming the lady.

In the third place came the author of the *Modern Athens*, who had no humble attendant to plead for him, like Johnson, and who left not the scene of his attacks, a debateable mat-

ter, like Mrs. Hamilton; but who attacked the Caledonian capital itself, and contemned and mocked at those gods, which, above all other gods, the inhabitants of that chosen dwelling-place of pedantry and pride, had most inflexibly worshipped. As this author spoke out,—put down the persons, the places, and the acts, in black and white, it would rather have been an unsafe speculation, to come to issue with him in writing; but we have heard that a vote of censure upon him has been entered in the minutes of every Athenian society, learned or unlearned, from the great men of brains, who meet on one side of the north-loch, to the small men of skulls who meet on the other. We have heard, too, that before a stranger is admitted into Athenian society, he is called upon to abjure the *Modern Athens* in language as solemn, and very nearly as sensible as that by which well-trying counsellors are tested, when they are introduced to kiss the — bell-rope of 'St. Giles!' and take upon them the heavy function of baillies. Nor is there the least doubt, that if the wicked caitiff, from which this more wicked production emanated, were to be found anywhere upon the 'herring bone' which he has so blindly misrepresented, the Athens would pounce and open upon him with all her claws, all her tongues, and all her arms, till he were scratched and stunned and soured—

'Beyond this visible diurnal sphere.'

Fourthly comes Dr. McCulloch, and the Lord have mercy upon him, say we, for here is a book, like a Highland broadsword, slashing and slaughtering in all directions. If we were, from this critical examination, to draw a diagnostic of the author, we would say that it was written by some fiery-hearted and brimstone-brained roric of a Highland parson, who after having sinned perhaps somewhat in the spirit, thought the best atonement he could make would be to return to the discipline and dinner of his presbytery, mighty and militant in defence of everything speaking Gaelic.

Dr. McCulloch's original object in going to the Highlands and western isles of Scotland appears to have been to Macadamize the Grampian and the Cullin hills, and to fetch away a few boxes of fragments, just in order to show, that however it might be provided in men and women, the hinder end of Caledonia was exceedingly well off in the matter of stones.

If the doctor had just stuck to his hammer, he might have thumped till Doomsday and welcome, and we do not think that even Provost Robertson would (as Pitscothie used to say) have 'justified' himself, although he had carried away the *Clack-na-cudin*, in the same manner as Edward filched away the stone upon which the ancient monarchs of Caledonia used to bruise barley for their broth, at the palace of Scone. Had the doctor stuck to this, we say, he might have hammered away, for it is a maxim among the Highlanders to add a stone, sized in proportion to their love for a man, to his cairn after he is dead, and, therefore, they could have no objection to give a man with a Mac in his name a few lumps when he was alive,

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more especially when he was at the trouble of breaking them from the native rock himself; but the doctor was not contented with hammering at the hills, he has struck at the people, and not only them but the history of their race,—a proceeding, which, if a Highland man were to pardon, not one of his clan, or of any clan, would forgive him. But Dr. McCulloch wrote a book, and a book too, which, with a reasonable portion of severity, contained also a considerable quantity of humour and entertainment, and somewhat more than a reasonable portion of truth, ergo this book has been sent forth to smite him. If other evidence had been wanting to show that the book is written by a Highland parson, it would have been rendered unnecessary by this, that the author considers Dr. McCulloch's book composed of a soul and a body—the first, however, he styles the 'spirit,' and the second the literary character. When treating of the spirit of the book, he takes occasion to give great praise to that pattern of meekness and wisdom, Alexander Ronaldson Macdonald, rich M'Alister More of Glengarry and Clanranall, the whole of whose titles would make a page,—whose virtues would make a chapter, and whose actions would fill a volume.

Upon all and sundry points contained in the book animadverted on, and upon sundry others which it does not contain, the author is at issue with the doctor. He discovers that in the matters of vitrified forts, round towers, the antiquity of kilts, the temple of the hyperborean Apollo, the politeness of the Highlanders, the perfect abhorrence they have at receiving any reward for their labour, the improvements that have taken place on some of the estates, the doctor is fairly wrong. Altogether the book is so excellent,—a thing which would have been utterly unproducible in any country but the Highlands of Scotland,—that it is scarcely possible to give a fair quotation. It gives us great pleasure, however, to learn from this undoubted authority, that from the mall of Kantyre to Cape Rath, there actually are such things as cabbages, because we have heard that the leaves, especially of the red variety, are very sanitive in certain afflictions; but whether the author of this critical examination meant therein to act the part of the good Samaritan, by applying the red cabbage-leaf to the occiput of Dr. McCulloch, is much too deep for our philosophy, and the book is somewhat too sublime for our quotation.

Alphonzus; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By GEORGE HYDE. 8vo. pp. 92. London, 1825. Hurst and Co.

ALTHOUGH German horrors and French pageants may banish the regular drama from the stage, yet they will be unable to expel it the closet, which is at present its only asylum; and, much as the rude insolence or chilling neglect of managers may disgust or depress writers, yet there will always be a succession of aspirants for dramatic fame, who will appeal to the tribunal of the public, where they obtain at least an impartial hearing. It does not appear that Mr. Hyde, who is a young author, submitted his tragedy to

any theatre; and it does not, therefore, come before us as rejected—not that we should think the decision of such persons as at present scan the dramas submitted to them of any consequence whatever, or take such decision as a just or fair criterion of their merits. A less modest author than Mr. Hyde would, however, have sought the bubble reputation on the stage.

The tragedy of Alphonzus is founded on Spanish history, and relates to that period when Spain, though not free, was a country, and Spaniards were men—when, though stained as now with the foot of the invader, her gallant sons were bravely disputing every inch of ground, or rather winning back their native soil, foot by foot, from the Moors. The scene is laid at Tariffa, which Alphonzus, a gallant Spaniard, had recently taken. The plot may be soon told. Alphonzus, for his bravery, is made Governor of Tariffa, by the king, Sanctius, although he would gladly the honour should be conferred on some older hero: this excites the jealousy of an old Castilian officer, Lasteros, who is worked upon by Prince John, and, with some difficulty indeed, induced to join a conspiracy to depose the king, who was on the point of leaving Tariffa, in order to attack the Moors. During his absence, the treason breaks out, but is put down by Alphonzus. However, Prince John, who had designs on Inez, the wife of Alphonzus, finds means to enter the palace, and carry off their child to the Moorish camp. To ransom this child, the conspirators demand the surrender of Tariffa, and even threaten the life of the child, if it is not complied with. Alphonzus, however, refuses; and Inez, not forgetting, but sinking the mother in the patriot, encourages him in his resolution. She resolves on proceeding to the Moorish camp, and encounters Prince John, who had killed Lasteros, on account of his reproaches. The treacherous prince shows the child to Inez, and makes its safety the condition of her dishonour. She indignantly repels the ruffian; and, on his using force, either by accident or design, her dagger reaches his heart. Alphonzus, who has been wounded in the battle waging against the town, finds Prince John, with the dagger of Inez sticking in his heart. He takes up the dagger, and justly observes,—

'Inez, is it thine?

Child slayer! It was meet thou should fall
By woman's hand.'

Alphonzus dies, and Inez, who had sought death on the swords of the Moors, returns, finds her lost lord, and sinks dead upon the body.

It will be seen that in point of plot, the tragedy is interesting, and many of the incidents and situations are dramatic; the principal merit, however, is in the poetry, and there are many passages of great vigour, and others of the most chastened simplicity of style. In the delineation of character, Mr. Hyde has displayed considerable talent: Alphonzus is a noble-minded Spaniard—loyal, but not sycophantish—brave and daring, but possessing in a high degree the gentler affections of our nature; Inez is a fine mixture of the heroine, the wife, and the mother;—Las-

teros, a sturdy conspirator, who being, as he conceived, wronged, his—

'Old Castilian honour

Loses its brightness, till the stain be washed
In fierce resentment.'

In the scenes between Alphonzus and Inez, there is as much of gentleness and affection, as there is of the noble warrior, when the former is in the field against his enemies, or when he is combatting traitors: we however prefer a domestic scene—the opening of the third act:—

'Room in Alphonzus' House. Alphonzus and Inez standing at a balcony. Martial music is heard, and gradually expires in the distance.

Inez. I heard the last sound float upon the breeze

In low and melancholy wildness. Nay,
There seemed a wail and murmur in its tone
Foreboding some mischance I'll wear the night

In fervent prayer for our good Sanctius' safety;
And then my earnest voice shall rise to Heaven—
Above those hollow, moaning winds. Hush!
hush!

Are they not cries that come from spirits of Storm

And Desolation, still pent up in caves,
But howling to be free?

Alphonzus. Fantasies, girl,
Mere fantasies! Come, hang not on me thus
With looks so piteous—this is very weakness.
Inez. Didst thou not think it sad?

Alphon. I thought the sounds
Came, as they ever do, a thousand times
More pure upon the breath of sleeping nature.
Hast thou forgotten how I loved to sit,
With ravished sense, when Inez in her bower
Would string the soft guitar, and from its chords

Her rosy fingers waft such rapturous sounds
As nought on earth could equal till her voice
Gave utterance—and that would shame them.

Inez. Aye,
But those were lovely, peaceful nights;—and then
The queen of skies would shine in all her beauty,

To smile upon our chaste and holy vows.
This—this grows black and fearful. Look!
The clouds

Roll their stupendous masses through the air,
As if they came to crush the shrinking earth.

Alphon. Inez—my love—my wife—remember thee!

Where is the firmness of the Spanish maid
Who vowed, if she might join him in the camp,
To mock her lord in constancy and courage?

Inez. I think not of myself—our child, Alphonzus!

Alphon. 'Tis ever thus with woman. Her young heart

Will view the boundless vista of its hopes,
As though the glowing present were eternal.

Alas! she sees the flowers, but still forgets
That in their very beds,—nay, even with
Their gaudiest hues—the noxious weed is mingled.

And while she walks the Eden of her love,
Remembers not—a dreary wilderness
May lie beyond it!

Inez. Chide me not, Alphonzus;
Believe me, love, 'tis but the passing hour
Which brings this melancholy;—on the morrow,

I'll proudly be the hero's wife again.
But e'en the wife of mighty Cæsar feared,

And justly too, before her lord went forth
To th' capitol.

Alphon. That's spoken like my idol!
Thou know'st I'd have thee keep the Roman
wives

Familiar to thy bosom as the child
It nurses. First in fame—Lucretia; then,
The lofty mother of the Gracchi; next,
The daughter of stern Cato—she who soared
Above the tow'ring soul of Brutus—

Inez. Her
Whom Marcus Brutus would deceive, but
could not.

Alphon. What means that smile? The bolt
falls harmless, love,
Though shot so cunningly.

Inez. Is't so, Alphonzus;
Hast thou hid nothing from me?

Alphon. Nothing, *Inez.*
What should I hide from thee, who hast the
key

To every chamber of my heart?

Inez. What passed
I' the council, then, to-night? I heard men say,
As underneath my balcony they went,
'But for the royal presence there had been
A mortal strife; Alphonzus would have cleft
The slanderer's tongue.'

Alphon. Tush, tush! what, is it thus?
The common idler's talk to scare thee? O,
Speak not of Portia!

Inez. But thy looks confirmed
My fear, and that was Portia's clue.

Alphon. My looks
Told nothing but my shame, if they were
changed;—

For shame is mine indeed that I was moved
At such unworthy cause. That old Lasteros,—
The common railer of the camp—gave out
Some doubtful words that touched my honour
nearly.

Inez. And didst thou note him?

Alphon. In my heat I did;
On which the prince employed a subtle tongue,
And made the babbler eat his calumny.

Inez. The prince, Alphonzus? When did
he make peace,
Save as the curtain of some treacherous war?
Beware of him! We met him yesterday
I' the garden; and he gazed so savagely
Upon our child, that with a mother's instinct
I snatched the boy, and hid him in my bosom.
Then, as he passed, the purpose of a fiend
Was stamped upon his brow.

Another fine scene is that where Lasteros
and the other conspirators come to demand
the surrender of Tariffa, as the ransom of the
child. *Inez* is at the interview veiled. We
can only quote a part of it:—

'Lasteros. Give us our answer. Shall we
have the town?
Thou know'st we have our hostage,—and his
fate

Brooks no delay. Open Tariffa's gates—
And save thy child. Refuse it—and he dies.

[*Alphonzus unsheaths his sword, kisses
the blade, and presents it to Lasteros*

Alphon. There is my answer! Bear it to
the prince:—

Tell him 'twas this which cleft a turban'd skull
Just as the pagan's flashing scimitar
Marked him a prostrate foe. It had achieved
Some deeds which men have too much honour'd
—yet

I do confess it as a much-loved friend,
That ever hath displayed a constant truth,
Such as might shame Humanity's proud chil-
dren.

I love it—as I love my child! But here
I yield them both to a still-dearer country.
Tell your rebellious master thus:—my boy
I do devote upon the patriot's altar!
My sword I send him with a soldier's prayer
That it may liberate the child's pure soul—
And not the dagger of the infidel,
Or the accursed weapon of the traitor.

[*Alphonzus retires to the chair.*

Lasteros appears moved.

Why pause ye thus? Your duty is performed.

Last. Art thou resolved in this?

Alphon. Why do ye doubt?

Have ye observed one quiver on my lip?
Hath my eye moistened with a treacherous tear?
Have the deep heavings of my breast conspired
Against the resolute purpose of my mind?
No—they have not! I tell ye—ye are answered.

[*Inez advancing and throwing off her veil.*

Inez. By the solemnity of woman's grief,
I charge ye, stay! By your remembrances
Of all a mother's love, I pray ye—listen!
And by that terrible ban—a mother's curse,
I warn ye to forbear! Touch not his blood—
Or from that damned hour I will not live
The space of one brief thought and not call
down

The great Eternal curse upon ye! No!
I will abjure all sympathies, affections,
Ties, hopes, remembrance of the blessed past,
Fears, joys, and common sorrows. All shall be
One awful—endless imprecation! Nay,
I will fast out this miserable life,
And with my dying lips implore the curse;—
Then with my little angel will I stand
At the wide gates of Heaven—a dreadful barrier
Which ye can never pass!

These are passages of striking beauty and
vigour, and they are by no means the only
ones. Mr. Hyde evidently possesses poetic
powers of a high order, and we think he
need not despair of producing what is
considered as the highest achievement in
literature—a good acting tragedy. To an
intimate knowledge of the working of the
passions and the power of describing them,
Mr. Hyde adds a purity of diction and man-
liness of thought. There is one passage,
which we quote in conclusion, as a fine lesson
for monarchs. It is when the king sees the
child of Alphonzus:—

'*King Sanctius.* And this your smiling boy
—why, look, Alphonzus,

There is a martial beam already lit
Within his eye. How proudly doth that brow
Herald the noble bearing of his life;
And yet the smile has all his mother's softness.

Alphon. The sweetest twins that Nature
ever gave

One common birth, are gentleness and bravery.
If they be born in him, our debt to Heaven
Will be an awful one.

K. Sanct. Teach him, good *Inez*,
That his first duty is to serve his God—
The next, to love his country.

Inez. And his king!

K. Sanct. That's for his king to teach him.
You can make

The good and honest man—'tis for the king
To make the subject.'

The maxim we have just quoted, may not
be without an exception; but certainly a
sovereign has much in his power, and in
despotic countries it depends on the king
whether his subjects are or are not loyal.

*Napoleon and the Grand Army in Russia; or,
a Critical Examination of the Work of
Count P. L. De Segur.* By GENERAL
GOURGAUD, late Principal Orderly Officer
and Aid-de-Camp to the Emperor Napo-
leon. 8vo. pp. 507. London, 1825.
Bossange and Co.

TEN years of peace have hung so heavily on
the French generals that, to prevent ennui,
they have not only talked their campaigns
over in every company, but have 'fought their
battles o'er again' in print; they have ex-
changed their swords for goose quills; in
fact, they have become authors, and written
histories of the wars in which they served.
That most of these works have had their origin
in French vanity we have no doubt; for,
although the trophies of the British arms
were neither less splendid nor less numerous,
yet none of our officers have given them a
record, and even the war of the Peninsula is
left to be described by 'Dr. Southey, Esq.'
a poet laureate, who 'never set a squadron
in the field,' and consequently, whatever
may be his talents as a writer,

'Mere prattle without practice

Is all his soldiership.'

Not so in France: every commander or
general of division, or aid-de-camp becomes
anxious to narrate the glories to which he
contributed, and hence a great number of
ill-digested but highly interesting works have
appeared on the subject of her wars since the
commencement of the Revolution. First,
there is the '*Manuel des Braves*,' which is
modestly confined to three duodecimos; then
comes Panckouche's '*Victoires, Conquêtes*,
Desastres, Revers, et Guerres civiles, des
Français, de 1792 to 1815,' in twenty-five
volumes, by a society of military and literary
men. We need not name the numerous vo-
lumes of Las Casas, General Gourgaud, and
others who have written on the subject of Bo-
naparte and his wars, since they must be well
known to all our readers, from the accounts
of them, from time to time, in *The Literary*
Chronicle. The last work of the sort we were
called on to notice was Count de Segur's
History of the Expedition to Russia. The
pacific nature of our avocations—wielding no-
thing heavier than a pen, and shedding ink
not blood, led us to believe Count de Segur's
history a good work, and so we believe the
world thought; for four French editions and
one in English were eagerly devoured. In
France, however, some officers of the grand
army are much dissatisfied with it, and Ge-
neral Gourgaud has stepped forward to combat
not merely the author's opinion, but his per-
son—a duel having actually been fought be-
tween the Count de Segur and General Gour-
gaud, in consequence of some observations in
the work before us. The rencontre was not
so bloodless as the literary duel between
Moore and Jeffrey, nor so fatal as that of
Scott, since both were wounded, though not
dangerously. General Gourgaud who, from
his being the aid-de-camp to Bonaparte in
war and attendant at St. Helena, must ne-
cessarily have possessed the best means of ob-
taining correct information, manifests a most
determined disposition to quarrel with Count
de Segur's statement at every turn: he com-

compares it to 'the fictions of the illustrious Scotchman,' and has felt it his duty to come forward and sift the tares from the wheat; or, in other words, point out how far Count de Segur, in his narrative, has deviated from facts. The general accuses the count—

'That he writes almost at random; blending unconnected facts, and relating them without order; confounding with the events of one epoch, those belonging to another; disdaining to justify his accusations or his praises; adopting without examination, and without that spirit of criticism so indispensable to the historian, the false views of prejudice, of rivalry, or of enmity, and the exaggerations of spleen or malevolence; ascribing actions to some, and words to others, equally incompatible with their situations and characters; quoting no witnesses but himself, and no authority but that of his own assertions.'

We have talked of military historians, but it does really seem that Count de Segur has little claim to the title of a military man, if the following summary of his career, by General Gourgaud, is to be relied on:—

'He certainly holds the rank and title of general; but how should he have acquired the experience of one? Each successive step in rank he obtained by the exercise of civil functions, to which the usages of the palace annexed embroideries and epaulettes. Originally *adjoint* to the *adjudans du palais*, he became *maréchal-des-logis* when this new title was applied to the office he held: he exercised no other during the Russian campaign, and filled it jointly with Mr. Ernest de Canouville, *auditeur au conseil d'état*. Mr. de Segur, who from being colonel of light-horse in the Parisian National Guard, had become a *maréchal de camp*, discontinued, it is true, on his return from Russia, his duties of *maréchal-des-logis*, but did not, on that account, enter upon active military service. He was nominated *gouverneur des pages*, a civil employment which had nothing military about it but the dress. Being afterwards intrusted with the organization of a regiment of *gardes d'honneur* forming at Tours, he was indebted to that circumstance for the advantage of making the campaign of 1814 with that corps, and of having an opportunity of tendering the fidelity of his guards to the Prince of Bénévento (Talleyrand), whilst the emperor was yet at Fontainebleau*.'

The circumstance related in the subjoined note is enough to account for the enmity between General Gourgaud and Count de Segur; and we confess that, though no lovers of revolutions or revolutionary principles, we prefer the fidelity of Gourgaud to his master during his fallen fortunes, to the time-serving sycophancy of Count de Segur. General Gourgaud says, the conduct of the count, 'on the few occasions upon which it has seen the light, has been that of a brave soldier.'

* Extract of M. de Segur's letter to the provisional government:—

"I, this day, offer my 1600 guards and myself to the successor and descendant of the kings of my ancestors.—I swear fidelity to him, in the name of my officers, of all my guards, and in own name, which is a security for my oath."
—*Moniteur of Monday, 11th April, 1814.*"

dier,' but cautions the reader against thinking he had fought by the side of Napoleon, when, in fact, he had been only employed in preparing his lodgings. The general is, however, more angry than he ought to be with the remark of the count, that Bonaparte wished to make himself master of Europe. We do not, of course, presume to know a man's thoughts, but if we may judge by his actions, such was Napoleon's object; though he must have always felt that it would be a difficult matter to accomplish, unless Great Britain were removed to one of the other quarters of the globe. We suspect, however, we are occupying our own time, and that of our readers, with a dispute in which they may feel little interest, and we shall therefore proceed to General Gourgaud's volume, and select such extracts as we deem interesting, without entering into a minute examination of disputed points. We have already stated the extraordinary opportunities of observation our author possessed, and he appears to have largely availed himself of them. We can readily forgive the petulance of General Gourgaud, since it arises from his affection to his imperial master, of whose memory he is so jealous. His work is altogether a valuable one, and must be resorted to by all who wish for information connected with the Russian campaign. Had it been less a commentary on passages in Count de Segur's work, it would have been more connected, but then the author's object would have been defeated. Count de Segur, not the best judge in military matters, perhaps, attributes some real or imaginary blunders of Napoleon to his being in ill health and feeble. On the contrary, General Gourgaud says:—

'The excellent health enjoyed by the emperor at this period could never be doubted for a moment. Independently of the time he gave to business, he bestowed four or five hours in the day to the chase, to reviewing the troops, &c. How are we to qualify this caution on the part of the author, who, fearful of openly attacking the genius of Napoleon, supposes a premature decline of his health, as his own justification for ascribing faults to this great man which he had never committed? He stretches his hero upon the bed of Procrustes; and, contrary to the custom of historians, who delight in elevating the subject of their history, he detracts from the merit of his own hero, places him in faulty or ridiculous situations, and with the view, no doubt, of lowering whilst he excuses him, he afterwards pleads illness in his favour. Is this done also in order to acquit the authors of his premature death? Napoleon exhibited in the campaign of Russia as much superiority and activity as he afterwards displayed in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. His constitution must have been very strong, since it was able to withstand during six years the pains of Prometheus.'

Our author corrects several mistakes which Count de Segur makes relative to Bernadotte, particularly so far as relates to his being originally a Protestant, and the cause of his elevation to the throne of Sweden. General Gourgaud says—

'Who can be ignorant that in France Ber-

nadotte openly professed the Roman Catholic religion, and that he was compelled, on his arrival at Gottenburgh, to make abjuration of it, and in a solemn ceremony to adopt the Lutheran religion. The following expression is even attributed to him: "Henry IV. consented to go to mass in order to recover a kingdom; I may well do without mass in order to acquire one."

'There is a want of accuracy in the details given by M. de Segur concerning Bernadotte's elevation to the throne. The truth is as follows:—At the time of the evacuation of Pomerania by the Swedes in 1807, the two brothers, Mörner, officers in the regiment of that name, having been taken prisoners, were presented to Bernadotte, who assigned his own residence for their prison, and after the lapse of about one month sent them back to Sweden. In June, 1810, one of those officers, at this time a colonel, causes himself to be announced to Bernadotte, who resided at Paris, in the rue d'Anjou, requests a private conversation with him, and communicates that a few Swedes have fixed their views upon him, to replace the prince royal who had just died of apoplexy. Bernadotte receives this overture with a smile, and without attaching any importance to it; and until it be communicated to him in a more serious manner, determines not to take any steps towards the French government on the subject. He is visited four or five days afterwards by the Swedish minister in Paris (Baron Lagerbielke), who confirms what Colonel Mörner had said to him, and solicits his answer. This was on a Saturday; Bernadotte proceeds on the following day to St. Cloud, previously to the levy, and communicates all that had passed to the emperor, who said to him:—"I know everything; I leave you at liberty to refuse or to accept, and will agree to whatever you think proper. I certainly had other views, and had commissioned Alquier to propose a regency, and wait for the issue of events. The son of the late king might have been recalled at a later period; but Sweden will no longer have this family. Accept, therefore, the offer made to you; I prefer seeing you there than any one else; you shall have the support of my consent. Take your measures accordingly." Bernadotte despatches to Stockholm a young man, a relation of Signeul, the Swedish consul, to confer with his adherents, and authorises to promise any sum of money that may be required. Nothing, however, was given; the fifteen hundred thousand francs advanced by the emperor, and the loan of about a million from General Gerard, were the only sums that were lodged by Bernadotte in the bank of Sweden, instead of the fourteen millions which had been promised by him.

'In conclusion, the choice of the Swedes was not promoted by any intrigue; they fixed their thoughts upon Bernadotte, only because he was allied to the emperor, because they were ignorant of the secret misunderstanding which the envious disposition of this general had created between him and the emperor, and because they thought of securing in this manner the favour and protection of the French sovereign.'

As an anecdote of Bonaparte's moderation General Gourgaud relates that—

'In front of Znaim, at the moment when Prince John of Lichtenstein came to propose an armistice, Bessières strongly urged Napoleon to give battle: "No," replied the emperor; "enough of blood has been shed:" and he signed the armistice.'

Our author denies that Napoleon sought the hand of the Grand Duchess Catharine of Russia, afterwards Duchess of Oldenburgh and Queen of Wirtemberg. On the numbers of the French army in the Russian campaign, General Gourgaud and Count de Segur are also at variance; the latter calculates them at 325,000 fighting men at the passage of the Niemen, of which 150,000 were Frenchmen, and 170,500 allied soldiers; and 984 pieces of cannon. The general is quite indignant at the idea of Count de Segur attributing a hope of plunder to the French army; but we would ask the general how the marshals of France gained their enormous fortunes unless by plunder? and we would further ask, what army, French or English, did not hope for plunder to accompany victory? Indeed, the general proves the truth of Count de Segur's assertion; for, unless a love of plunder prevailed, Napoleon would not have been called upon to suppress it. He says—

'Have we not all witnessed the emperor's anxiety to repress every disorder in the army? Eager to be made acquainted with the truth, he questioned the inhabitants as well as his officers. Whenever he was approached by any one coming from a division or corps of his army, or from the road which the troops had marched over, his first questions were directed to ascertaining what was taking place in the rear. No sooner was the truth made known to him, than he instantly took his resolution. He formed moveable columns; he wrote to the generals, to the commandants of towns on the route of the army; he threatened with his displeasure, if the disorders were not immediately checked. He constantly repeated that plunder disgraces an army, and destroys the resources of a well disciplined soldier. If we are to select an occasion when his anxiety was more particularly displayed, we take up the very period pointed out by the author as that of the disgraceful occurrence by which he endeavours to tarnish the glory of the chief, of the army, and of France. Mr. de Segur was ignorant of all this, because Mr. de Segur has neither witnessed, nor had it in his power to witness anything. The opportunities for his petty observations were confined, by his inferior situation, within too narrow a sphere. How does it happen, however, that he is unacquainted with the severe orders of the day, dated at St. Poelten in 1805, &c. &c.? How, is he not aware that, amongst other examples, the emperor caused a grenadier of the guards to be tried and shot at Berlin in 1806, as well as two soldiers of the light troops, also belonging to the guards, when at Madrid in 1808, because they had been convicted of plunder, &c.?'

General Gourgaud dissects every chapter of Count de Segur's work; sometimes, we think, captiously disputing about trifles, and

at other times sneering, when he ought to explain. The enthusiasm of the French soldiers is proverbial, and their bravery is indisputable; an instance of this is related by General Gourgaud on forcing the height of Valontina:

'The emperor being informed that Ney met with some resistance, sent Gudin's division, which he placed under the orders of that marshal.

'This division approached the scene of action towards four in the afternoon. Having formed itself into a column by platoons, it marched up to the enemy, who occupied a height that intercepted the road, and was protected by the swampy brook, with a small wooden bridge over it, which it was necessary to cross before an attack could be made upon the height. This narrow defile was battered in all directions by the Russian artillery. The seventh light infantry, with arms shouldered, and General Gudin at their head, took the lead to force the pass. Each platoon, as it crossed the brook, answered the numerous cannon-shots of the Russians by the enthusiastic cries of *long live the emperor*. That regiment was followed by the twelfth, the twenty-first, and the hundred and twenty-first; but, at this moment, the brave General Gudin had both his legs shattered by a cannon-ball. Count Gerard took his place. The engagement became very brisk. The French, however, reached the opposite height. Four times the Russian columns rushed upon them; four times Gerard drove them back. The whole corps of Baggowouth, the divisions of Alsuwief, and of Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg, had come up to the engagement, which lasted until ten at night. The enemy, being unable to recover the position, which Gerard's division had taken from them, now began their retreat.'

The attachment of Gourgaud to his master displays itself on every occasion; and, though somewhat worsted in his duel with Count de Segur, we are sure he would fight every day in defence of the honour of Napoleon. In reference to this subject he says—

'In justice we must say, and without fear of contradiction, that, of all ancient or modern generals, Napoleon is the one who showed the most tender, the most unceasing care to the wounded, that the intoxication of victory never made him forget them, and that his first thought, after every battle, has been for them. If his soldiers have sometimes stood in need of provisions, of beds, medicines, or other articles necessary for the dressings of their wounds, the author might direct his reproaches to the intendant-general of the army. The emperor had given every requisite order, and supplied the military administration with means, in men and horses, as abundant as those for the artillery. The latter branch of the service, notwithstanding the engagements that had taken place, was never in want of ammunition. When the administration set in motion a *materiel* so considerable as to consist of several thousand carriages, it could have no difficulty in procuring the transport of some hospital wagons; this would have spared the intendant of the army the necessity of requesting at Smolensko that General Lariboisiere, who

commanded the artillery of the army, would cause him to be provided with the tow which is used for lining the caissons, in order that he might supply it to the purpose of dressing the wounded.'

General Gourgaud, in denying that Napoleon was enfeebled by ill-health and depression of spirits, or that his conduct during the campaign gave any evidence of it, quotes a confidential letter from the Duke de Frioul, written at the time, which states that the emperor was in the enjoyment of excellent health. It appears from the narrative of General Gourgaud that the orders of Napoleon were by some means or other not well attended to, and that to this circumstance disasters were to be attributed. Count de Segur gives an affecting and affectionate anecdote of Napoleon, when he received a portrait of his son the King of Rome. General Gourgaud says he ought to have added the following expressions of the emperor, which indicate his deep emotion, and the feelings which agitated him in the midst of the deafening acclamations of his soldiers: 'Take it away; it makes its appearance too soon upon a field of battle.'

The attachment of Bonaparte to his companions in arms is well known, and forms a striking contrast to the formality or disdain of some commanders-in-chief, more fortunate but we believe less skilful. An anecdote of this sort General Gourgaud relates—

'General Sorbier, sent by Napoleon to the Prince of Eckmühl, was joining him at the moment when a cannon-ball struck his horse. The muzzle of one of his pistols, which was forced in the holster, gave the marshal so severe a contusion, that he was thrown from his saddle. General Sorbier at first thought he was dead, and came to communicate the accident to the emperor, who made no reply; but an officer soon after arrived, who informed Napoleon that the Prince of Eckmühl was at the head of his troops. The emperor feelingly exclaimed: "God be praised."

Among the numerous generals under Napoleon, Campans is said to have been one of the most daring, for they all were brave. He appears to have been the Picton of the French army, and his troops, like our own general's, 'the fighting brigade.' Count de Segur represents Napoleon throughout as wanting his characteristic vigour; this our author denies, and says—

'Must we always repeat that Napoleon was then in the prime of life, and in the enjoyment of a vigorous constitution? Can the *maréchal-des-logis* be in earnest, when he makes such assertions, which would lead one to suppose that the emperor was bereft of all moral and physical strength, and had subsided into a total absence of sensibility and moral feeling? Have not the generals, the officers who approached Napoleon, the chiefs and soldiers of his guard, seen him such as he really was? Independently of those eye-witnesses, do not the facts sufficiently attest for him? It is well known that, so early as two o'clock in the morning of the 6th, the emperor had visited all the corps of his army, spoken to all the generals, reconnoitred and studied the enemy's position, in its most minute details, as well as the exact nature of the

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ground upon which the battle was to be fought. The 7th was employed in this manner; it was only in the night that he pointed out the mode in which the Russian army was to be attacked. After despatching all his orders to the several corps, he slept for less than two hours, in the night from the 6th to the 7th, which was almost wholly taken up in receiving reports, and in issuing directions. On the 7th, he was mounted before five in the morning, and in advance of the redoubt of Schwardino, a central position from whence he might observe all the events of the battle. He had in his rear the reserve (his old guard). It was in full uniform, according to his orders, and ranged in columns by battalions, at the distance of sixty paces; this led the enemy to estimate it at double its real numbers. The young guard was in advance. He thus kept his select corps at hand, to avail himself of them according to circumstance, if, notwithstanding all his arrangements, victory should remain doubtful.

We now come to Moscow: the burning of the city is praised by Count de Segur, who speaks of Count Rastopchin, who was governor of the city at the time, as one of the greatest men of modern times; but without giving him such an appellation, we are by no means, like General Gourgaud, disposed to think meanly of him merely because he is the son of a steward of Count Orloff. Alluding to the destruction of Moscow, General Gourgaud says—

‘There were merchants and other citizens of Moscow, who, seeing the town deserted and given up by its governor to disorder, and to the plundering of malefactors, came to implore the protection and generosity of the conqueror. What other motive than the desire of pleasing the emperor could have decided Mr. de Segur to solicit the favour of accompanying the expedition to Russia, and of being intrusted with functions entirely at variance with his rank in the army, and with the military profession? We, who have never served Napoleon except in a military capacity, are enabled to certify that all the soldiers of the French army felt an eagerness to please their chief, and to prove their devotedness to him. The same wish animated those who had not their daily table and daily quarters provided for them, who were constantly exposed to privations, to balls and shots, and who said to Napoleon, in the heat of the battle of the Moskwa: “Be not uneasy; thy soldiers have promised to conquer; and conquer they will.”’

(To be concluded in our next.)

My Children's Diary; or, the Moral of the Passing Hour. 12mo. London, 1825. Low.

This volume is the production of a lady, and is written with the laudable intention of rearing the tender mind in principles of morality and religion. The style is somewhat affected; but it is a volume that may safely be put into the hands of those for whom it is more immediately written,—children of ten or twelve years of age.

ORIGINAL.

HAND-IN-HAND GENTILITY CLUB.

A CIRCULAR.

To Gentlemen of aspiring Notions but limited Means.

It requires no laboured arguments to convince those persons to whom the directors of this society chiefly address themselves, that numbers are prevented from shining as stars in the hemisphere of fashion solely by a want of the means. ‘An acquaintance with the great,’ says Goldsmith, ‘improves one’s appearance—it also enlarges one’s ideas.’ Now, the situation of many gentlemen brings them into occasional contact with fashionable doings, whilst others are inflamed by the magniloquent descriptions of *The Morning Post*, and acquire an itch for tonish entertainments without a capability of gratifying their laudable ambition. In this class may be placed unwilling votaries of Mercury, gentlemen with solicitors or in official situations, students of law, medicine, or the arts, and some others, who may be said to be *sui generis*. The utmost that these persons can compass at present is a stroll in the lobbies of the theatres, a chance visit to the Argyle Rooms, or the pit of the Opera, an occasional lounge in a western coffee-house, and a Sunday exhibition in Rotten Row—things which, it is true, possess the charm, but have also the awkwardness of novelty. It is the object of this institution to open higher prospects to this numerous class of persons, and to snatch from obscurity those whom a slenderness of purse, a deficiency of credit, an antiquated prejudice on the subject of debts, or, perhaps, their three-fold combination has long doomed to pine in unmerited vulgarity.

‘Letting I dare not wait upon I would
Like the poor cat in the adage.’

The directors of this society intend to divide it into classes, each class to contain one hundred shares. An entrance of five guineas per share will be required, and an annual subscription of the same amount. A ticket (transferable amongst members) will be assigned to every share, and will entitle its holder (in his turn) to all the advantages of the society. In their distribution due attention will be paid to the wishes of the members, a priority of subscription alone receiving a preference; but gentlemen who do not particularly require their tickets to be dated for a Sunday, are earnestly requested to say so, and the managers, in return, will afford them every accommodation in their power. Proposals for one share will be received, but gentlemen are not limited to number.

It is purposed to job for each class a gig, and chariot and pair; the horses quiet to ride, drive, or run in tandem. A majority of each class is to determine the colours of the liveries, vehicles, &c. which, remaining always the same, will avoid that livery-stable variety of cattle colours, and build, which gentlemen must have noticed if they have not felt. This part of the society’s property will be at the entire disposal of each member, for one day in rotation, and about three days in the year are calculated to every share.

When, however, it is considered how many persons can be accommodated at once, they may certainly be rated at treble that number. It was at first proposed to rest the horses on those days when they might not be called for, but on a second consideration, it was not thought advisable to trust to contingencies. Every sixth day will, therefore, be allowed for their sabbath, unless it should fall upon ours, when it will be postponed to the following day. Subscribers who prefer riding, may take a friend instead of the society’s servant, but will be limited to the number of miles; members using the carriage will not be called upon for any damage which occurs, unless they insist upon taking the reins; but gentlemen who ride or drive must be held responsible for accidents.

The ultimate objects of the club are more extensive than the conductors feel it prudent to avow at the outset. They will, however, go so far as to state, that they are in treaty with two of the theatres, for a private or stage-box nightly, on the same principle that families contract with fishmongers, to supply them with the leavings of the morning for a late dinner. A negotiation is also on foot for the offer of opera pit tickets on the same plan, and they have great hopes of bringing both treaties to a successful conclusion. The directors further propose engaging a suite of rooms for balls, and intend establishing an amateur theatre, if they procure a sufficient number of members who can speak French. The histrionists to be required by managing the annual concerts, a privilege that will enable them to be on terms of familiarity with the vocalists, which, if they are unable to profit by it in any other way, is something as times go.

It is needless to remark, that a reputation for gallantry is necessary to the man of fashion, he being twice a gentleman who has a *liaison*, or is supposed to have, which is just the same. The attention of the managers has been particularly directed to this subject, and they have been so fortunate as to engage a sufficient number of ladies to prevent the continual recurrence of the same faces, who have agreed to ride with the members for one or two hours in the day-time, and sit in the box until the end of the play. It must, however, be distinctly understood that they are only engaged by the society until the first fall of the curtain. A time when the directors would also recommend gentlemen to retire, and not to make their appearance till the middle of the second act. They also beg to add, that members discovered applauding or betraying any interest in the progress of the drama, will forfeit their subscriptions, and be expelled.

The directors have also taken, *pro tempore*, a suite of apartments, about midway between the Temple and the Royal Exchange, where subscribers can be accommodated with refreshments, from a plate of bouilli to a sumptuous table d’hôte. At this dinner no joints will be allowed; a person will attend to explain the composition, and teach the names and pronunciation of the various dishes, whilst finger-glasses will be introduced after the repast. Gentlemen who have ever been seated near a dish they wished

to taste, yet were unable to ask for, or have been compelled to use finger-glasses for the first time in a large company, will appreciate these peculiar features of the Hand-in-Hand Gentility Club.

Any further particulars may be obtained by applying to the secretary, in Coram Street, Russel Square, to whom proposals for shares are also to be made. For obvious reasons personal applications only can be attended to in the first instance, unless the candidate is proposed by a member, who is, however, responsible for the personal appearance of those whom he recommends. NOTER.

AMERICAN INVENTION FOR SUPPLYING CITIES WITH PURE WATER AND ICE IN ANY QUANTITY.

A MR. CUNNINGHAM, of New York, has recently invented a plan for purifying and refrigerating water in aqueducts, so as to distribute that useful fluid in any city where the plan is adopted, not only purified from all argillaceous substances, animal or vegetable impurities, but, by his process, so effectually cooled, that the use of ice for the refrigeration of water would become entirely superfluous.

As the ends thus proposed by Mr. Cunningham are interesting to every individual of any community, we insert an explanation of his system, which is said to be easily practicable.

We are to suppose the water possessing an elevation, over the city or community which is to be supplied, either naturally, by means of pumps, or by making a dam across a stream, which may form the requisite head. At this height it is led into a reservoir, covering from one to ten acres, as the magnitude of the work may dictate. This reservoir is of a square form. At the lower basement a pit is dug of six or eight feet in depth, and ten or fifteen in width, perfectly tight at the bottom and sides. The pit is filled with round stones, pebbles, and silicated sand, upon which the water flows, from the grand reservoir. The pit is bounded on the lower side by a curb or barrier, formed by a frame of wood or iron, filled with round field-stones, pebbles, charcoal, sand, broken crockery, chalk, and other substances favourable to filtration. That the passage of the water may not be clogged, a layer of wool is distributed between each of these substances. As many of these curbs are presented to the passage of the water as may be thought necessary, each about six feet from the other.

Having found its way through the curbs, the water encounters, at the entrance into the second fountain or reservoir, a strainer of coarse flannel, stretched upon an iron or wooden frame. This is so disposed, that, should the impure substances, contained in the water after passing the curbs, be sufficient to clog the texture of the flannel, a new strainer may be placed before the old one, while it is removed and cleansed. Thus, it will be seen, the water will have passed through innumerable filtrations before having reached the second reservoir, where the process ends: and it cannot be doubted that, at this point, it will be found pure, limpid, and potable, to the full wish.

But the refrigeration claims more attention, and is a more ingenious section of his plan for obtaining good water.

From the last reservoir, which is covered, so as to be perfectly defended against dust or any other impurity, springs the main trunk of the aqueduct, and conveys the water as near the point where the pipes branch out into the quarters to be supplied, as the nature of the plan will allow. Here Mr. Cunningham proposes to dig a drain or cellar, of such length as the work may require—a mile, or more, if requisite—as deep in the earth as the elevation of the aqueduct will allow. He prefers that this drain be circular, and thinks twenty feet about the diameter required: this, however, can be adapted to the magnitude of the work. The foundation is to be solid—the sides perfectly tight, and formed of stone, brick, or wood. The top may be either solid or moveable, as may seem best. Within a few inches of the bottom of this drain, the pipe of the aqueduct will pass, supported on solid props.

This cavity, formed above and around the pipe, is to be filled with ice, to be completely secluded from the influence of the sun, by the solidity of the top, and by a lining of non-conductors of caloric.

Thus, having formed an ice-house, the next object is to obtain ice. This is a part of the plan before us; and provisions are made to produce it on the spot, and in any quantity. Along each side of the drain or ice-house, he forms shallow vats of considerable extent. Into these, at any time when the mercury in the thermometer stands at the freezing-point, all the surplus-water from the aqueduct can be turned, by means of pipes extending up from the aqueduct to the summit of the drain, to which stop-cocks are attached. The water thus drawn off will be congealed in the vats, broken up, and deposited in the drain; and the process can be renewed several times in each day, during freezing weather: or, should this process be found too expensive, he proposes to open the top of the drain in freezing weather, and, by converting the perpendicular pipes into fountains or *jets d'eau*, obtain in the drain large solid masses of ice.

Below the drain, and at the very insertion of the distributing branches, he forms another ice-house of a square form, through the middle of which the aqueduct passes. At the upper extremity of this ice-house, a transverse pipe intersects the main trunk at right angles, extending to the extremities of the ice-house on each side. Another transverse pipe, of the same size and length, crosses the aqueduct at the lower extremity of the ice-house. The arms of these cross-pipes are connected by small tubes which are laid at the bottom of the ice-house, several feet below the level of the aqueduct. When a stop-cock, which is placed in the main aqueduct a few inches below the first transverse pipe, is turned, the water rushes into the arms of that pipe, and passes through the tubes laid under the ice-house into the second transverse pipe, through which it regains the main trunk. This latter refrigerator is considered only necessary in warm weather, and in the winter is closed.

Should any difficulty occur, from the temperature of the winter, in obtaining sufficient quantities of ice to fill both the drain and the lower ice-house, Mr. C. proposes to fill only the latter; then, by a pipe inserted in the aqueduct, above the first transverse pipe, to carry into one of the arms of the latter a certain portion of the water, sufficient for a supply for potation, which will pass through the tubes just mentioned into the lower transverse pipe, and thence into a small pipe, running along the trunk, and conveying through a separate pen-stock refrigerated water, while the main aqueduct and common pipes convey the remainder of the water, less cold, but equally fit for culinary uses: but it does not seem probable that in any city, where ice can be formed, this expedient need be resorted to.

The plan seems very complete, and likely to become highly beneficial in its operations. The union of the several processes to obtain one great desideratum—pure cold water—seems very happy. Indeed, the high commendations bestowed on it by Dr. Mitchell, of New York, Professor Renwick, of Columbia College, and many other scientific gentlemen, to whom the plan has been developed, establish sufficiently the character of the improvement.

Mr. Cunningham has obtained a patent for his important improvement, which he intends applying to the aqueduct now about to be constructed in the city of New York, which, although at the head of the cities of the United States in a commercial consideration, is totally destitute of good water.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PARTING WORD.

ADIEU! Adieu! 'tis understood
That better fortune calls away;
And if to go, be for thy good,
Beloved, I would not have thee stay.
But, although reconciled to part,
And almost anxious thou should'st go,
With unfeigned heaviness of heart,
I sorrow that it should be so.
For few beneath yon ample sky
The pilgrim in this 'vale of tears,'
Can find on whom he may rely;
Whose friendship stands the test of years.
Poor human beings seldom long
Converse, ere foul Suspicion's curse
Disturbs with dread of something wrong;
With miserable doubts—or worse.
But thou, unchanged, still kind as bright,
Succeeding years have found the same;
To soothe in woe, in joy delight,
Was evermore thy generous aim.
Attached, though coldness might appear,
When care has overcast this brow;
Though often schooled in tone severe,
And never justly praised till now.
If I reproof could e'er employ,
Believe it not unkindly done;
I wished for gold without alloy;
I liked not spots upon the sun.
Where Heaven so largely had endow'd,
A little blemish did I meet,
I felt disturbed because it shew'd
A lovely picture incomplete.
I have seem'd backward to admire,
Because, far far from me away
The sordid wish—the mean desire,
Which basely flatter to betray.

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Prompt thy deserts to recognise,
 I deemed that honest friendship's love
 Should less thy merits eulogize,
 Than censure where it might improve.
 For give me all privations known;
 Attribute not to cold neglect;
 Cares thou has felt, but would not own,
 Which 'twas my place to recollect.
 And, O! forgive—forgive if I,
 Thy power unable to withstand,
 Have sometimes met thine angry eye,
 Too warmly pressed thy lip or hand.
 Believe me, with affection fraught,
 Which not a parent would disclaim,
 I could my deed have reached my thought,
 Had loved thee with an angel's flame.
 Thy smile—the lustre of that eye,
 That roseate glow deranged my plan;
 Still chained me to mortality,
 And made me feel I was but man.
 Though some few months—at any rate,
 A year, thy presence will restore;
 My bosom feels as desolate
 As though we were to meet no more.
 But I will hope, in laughing health,
 To see thee, and to see thee soon;
 And bless'd with all life's dearest wealth,
 While still admired in beauty's noon.
 I deprecate the idle cant,
 Which ever must apostrophise
 The Deity, with sickening rant,
 Or here or there to cast his eyes.
 Yet those most dear beheld no more,
 I deem it neither weak nor vain,
 But hold it reason to implore
 The God who made them to sustain.
 And trust me, whilst thou art away,
 Still object of my anxious care,
 For thee, with each succeeding day,
 Will rise the silently-breathed prayer.
 With joy or woe, as good or ill,
 Thy coming letters may proclaim,
 My heart will swell, ordained to thrill,
 Or tremble at thy very name.
 There are who would thy feelings wound,
 Creatures, who know they must appear
 Contemptible where thou art found;
 Unfit for the same hemisphere.
 Be their disparagement thy mirth;
 For, even in aspersing, they
 A tribute to superior worth
 Involuntarily must pay.
 Some tell, emotion mars the song—
 That rhymes, when true, can never move;
 If such opinion be not wrong,
 How wretched must these verses prove.
 For, while beholding thee depart,
 I, picturing my regrets and fears,
 Present a transcript of my heart,
 By feeling prompted, penned with tears.
 Adieu! with Fortune's favouring gale,
 Go, as the wanton breezes free;
 Should stern calamity assail,
 I charge thee, hasten back to me.
 Pass this not by with proud neglect,
 The wish I cannot now retract;
 And this, dear girl, is—recollect
 The only pledge I would exact.

FINE ARTS.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Long,
 on the Improvements proposed, and now
 carrying on, in the Western Part of Lon-
 don. 8vo. pp. 37. Hatchard.

WERE nothing more requisite to secure the
 adoption of plans for the improvement and
 embellishment of the metropolis, than to

point out the convenience and beauty that
 would result from them, we need not despair
 of seeing it one of the most splendid cities in
 Europe. It is not long since Sir W. Hillary
 published some remarks on this subject; Co-
 lonel Trench comes forward with his Thames
 Quay; then some other person or persons
 advertise a project for a new street, from the
 Southwark Bridge to the Exchange; another
 favours us with suggestions as to the new pa-
 lace, and, lastly, the writer of this letter con-
 tributes his hints and ideas,—to say nothing
 of those which we ourselves have occasionally
 thrown out. And here, it must be confessed,
 is no small quantity of employment cut out for
 our architects, even should one half of what
 this 'Admirer of Good Taste' recommends,
 be carried into execution, for he clears away
 whole streets, and erects new edifices with
 great despatch; but then, unfortunately, pa-
 laces built of words, or on paper, generally
 prove mere castles in the air.

He begins by regretting that we have yet
 no memorials to commemorate the victories
 of the late war, except the single and rather
 singular one—the Hyde Park Achilles; and
 that our metropolis possesses no magnificent
 gate to mark any one of its entrances. We
 certainly do think that an embellishment of
 this sort, provided it were on a magnificent
 scale and in a majestic style of architecture,
 placed at the western extremity of Piccadilly,
 would impart an air of becoming nobleness
 to that quarter of the town; but we really
 cannot regret, as this writer does, that the
 ancient gates to the city have been removed;
 nor should we at all lament, were Temple
 Bar to share the same fate, at least be taken
 down, to make way for some structure in a
 better taste, and affording a more convenient
 thoroughfare both to carriages and foot-pas-
 sengers.

In speaking of Hyde Park, he says:—

'The new lodges are pretty, though on a
 scale so diminutive, that those who are fond
 of sneering at things that less enlightened
 persons are commonly pleased with, might
 say, that they seem to be constructed for the
 purpose of enhancing, by contrast, the neigh-
 bouring gigantic statue, or of tempting some
 desperate dandy to leap over them.'

We can very well conceive that the reason
 for their not being loftier was, that they might
 not obstruct the view from the adjacent
 houses; yet this forms no excuse for their
petitesse, as they might certainly have pos-
 sessed grandeur of style, if not of actual bulk,
 instead of which, their littleness is rendered
 more conspicuous, by the introduction of Lil-
 liputian columns, and other trifling parts.

We could certainly wish that, as is here
 proposed, 'all the mean buildings on each
 side of the road, from the barracks to Hyde
 Park Corner, should be taken down, and on
 the Knightsbridge side an uninterrupted line
 of elegant houses substituted;' as likewise
 that the paltry shabby houses that here and
 there disfigure Piccadilly, opposite the Green
 Park, were rebuilt. For our part, we won-
 der how people can afford to have such very
 inferior houses in such situations, where the
 ground which they occupy must be so valu-
 able, and where one would suppose it would

be so much to the advantage of the proprie-
 tors, to offer the tenants a premium to quit,
 as the present rents must be absolutely tri-
 fling, compared with what capital houses on
 the same site would produce.

We rather differ from the writer, when he
 says, that the effect of Regent Street would
 have been better, 'if it had not the appear-
 ance of being suddenly stopped by the Fire
 Insurance Office;' being of opinion, that the
 circumstances which led to the adoption of
 this plan have been productive of advantage,
 so far as effect is concerned. The extent
 from Carlton Palace to the Fire Office is
 quite sufficient for any single architectural
 view; and the circumstance of having the
 vista terminated by an object not too remote
 to be distinctly seen is perhaps more favour-
 able to importance than when the prospect is
 continued *à perte de vue*. Besides, the upper
 portion of the street, to the north of the
 Quadrant, is sufficiently prolonged, and, ra-
 ther than otherwise, the extent and succession
 of architectural scenery appears increased,
 by being diversified and interrupted, than if
 carried on in one continued line.

On the subject of the new palace, the au-
 thor does not appear to be particularly well
 informed; for he at first imagines, that both
 Buckingham House and Carlton House are
 to be merely enlarged; afterwards, at page 30,
 he says (rather awkwardly, in our opinion, as
 we do not see why he could not have cor-
 rected his error at the proper place), 'since
 I began these pages, it seems that Bucking-
 ham House has been finally chosen as his
 Majesty's future town residence.' Not, how-
 ever, exactly so—since that building is to be
 taken down entirely, and a new palace, it is
 now said, erected in the Green Park. Car-
 lton House, too, is to be taken down.

The entrance to the town over Westmin-
 ster Bridge next comes under his remark;
 and here he suggests, that the houses on the
 left of Bridge Street should be cleared away,
 so as to open a view of the Hall and Abbey.
 'King Street and Tothill Street must also be
 removed, sooner or later, like'—like what?
 Why, 'the Catholic disabilities. When these
 improvements take place—we hope he does
 not include the removal of the Catholic dis-
 abilities—'one might stand at the north and
 west doors of the abbey, without a feeling of
 shame for the taste of the country, that would
 allow such streets as these to insult its dignity,
 by their near approach; I mean, if that
 ridiculously-placed building, St. Margaret's
 Church, were removed, the erection of which,
 and its being suffered to retain its situation so
 long, is alike inconceivable to common sense
 and common taste.'

While we are thus freely pulling down,
 we would certainly recommend, too, that
 that paltry-looking octagon building, the
 Guildhall, at Westminster, should be swept
 away at the same time.

He objects to Colonel Trench's proposed
 terrace, that it would provide for the orna-
 ment of only the north side of the river, and
 render the opposite one worse than it now is
 by the comparison; that side too, already
 possesses many considerable architectural
 features; he suggests, therefore (as has already

been done by a writer in *The London Magazine*), that the embankment should be on the Surrey side.

'How much might the Surrey shore, which is now in so mean and slovenly a state, have been embellished, if that enormous mass of building, called the Penitentiary, which, in defiance of economy and taste, is said to have cost £600,000, had been erected with even as much regard to the elegance of its architecture as the New Bedlam, in its neighbourhood, and placed with that handsome edifice fronting the river in that direction: perhaps in no city in the universe can there be found two such costly buildings, on which more than a million of money has been expended, so placed, that they cannot in the slightest degree contribute either to its magnificence and beauty.'

It must, indeed, be confessed, that we are perpetually making the most extravagant blunders and errors with regard to the erection of public edifices; nor do our architects seem to take any warning by the mistakes and oversights of their predecessors. They generally seem to make their designs without at all considering the situation in which their building is to be placed. And then, too, what wretched abortions or insipid common-place one frequently beholds! nor is it any extraordinary thing to see a structure that might have been rendered really pleasing and handsome, deformed by some barbarous solecism in taste, or by some instance of niggardly meanness—we will not say economy, since it is anything but economy—that mars the whole effect, so that all that is done, so far from pleasing, serves only to provoke and disgust. What, for instance—to come to a very recent case in point, shall we say to the paltry little bit of brick wall, with one window in it, stuck on at the end of the front of the Richmond Terrace buildings, in Parliament Street; thrust in between the basement floor of that building and the gateway to the adjoining Mews, and not forming a part of, nor harmonizing with either? This is as disgusting to us, as it would be to meet with a preposterous grammatical error, or an egregious vulgarism, in an otherwise pleasing speaker. Whether such barbarisms as these arise from utter want of all taste, from total insensibility to the proprieties of architecture, from desperate ignorance or sheer carelessness, they are alike disgraceful, and the person who commits them, deserves as much to be hissed as a performer on the stage, who should sing neither in time nor tune. Then, again, as the back of this range of buildings is, it seems, to continue to be exposed, why was it not built with attention to regularity? But we shall be told, perhaps, that this is not to be considered as intended to be seen or criticised; nevertheless, we do see it, let our inclination for *make-believe* be what it may. But it will be said, we are too severe: we do not think so: if buildings cannot stand the test of criticism, why do they put forth pretensions that court it? If a regard to expense had prevented this part of the building from being attended to, and made regular, some little regard to propriety and good taste might have screened it entirely

from view. For what use is it to exhibit ornament in one part, when, in another, it is plainly shown that it cannot be afforded to make the structure what it ought to be, and what it is intended to be supposed to be, throughout.

If we have dwelt at what may be considered an undue length upon this subject, it is because a kind of epidemic fatuity seems to have seized most of our architects in this respect. Provided they introduce some ornamental features in building, they seem to be perfectly indifferent whether the rest accord with them, or entirely neutralize their effect. Did not experience convince us to the contrary, we should, indeed, conceive that any observation or caution of the kind were quite impertinent, and most sincerely should we be happy to discover, that from henceforth there were no occasion for it.

The length of our article obliges us to defer our remarks on the remainder of the writer's observations till next week.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—This theatre still continues attractive, although little but stock pieces—and in this we may include the delightful opera of *Broken Promises*, though only produced this season—are performed. To be sure the attractive character of *Der Freischütz*, *Presumption*, and *The Vampire*, does not say much for public taste: the strength of the company is, however, no doubt, the true cause of the crowded houses; and, in this respect, Mr. Arnold displays a spirit and a liberality above all praise. Mr. Braham and Miss Paton are, in themselves, a host, in *Der Freischütz*; and Miss Kelly, in the *Broken Promises*, exhibits a bit of the richest acting we ever saw on the stage; nor should we omit mentioning Power, who represents his native country admirably, and plays Irish characters better than any actor we have seen since Johnstone took his leave of the public. A new opera is forthcoming at this theatre, of which report speaks highly: it will rest on the merits of the music, which is by a celebrated composer, and not call in the supernatural aids of sulphur and serpents, demons and dragons, as *Der Freischütz* does.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Although many persons have suspended their visit to this delightful spot until the gala nights, which have so much additional splendour, yet the gardens have been extremely well attended, considering that the weather has been rather threatening. The entertainments in commemoration of the royal birthdays, including military and naval fêtes, are on the grandest and most extensive scale.

GOthic HALL, HAYMARKET.—Our readers will find some notice of the collection of ancient armour at this very interesting exhibition in our 323d number, page 474,—which would alone be a sufficient inducement for any person of taste to visit it. But it contains *novelties* as well as *antiquities*, to gratify curiosity: and among these are several that may fairly be regarded as masterpieces of mechanical skill. The first of these is a boy who draws and writes far bet-

ter than many living automaton. The musical lady, who plays on a piano, is still more deceptive and a better imitation of nature: the respiration of the chest, and the motion of the eyelids, are such as might obtain for this figure the epithet of *animated*. The chief circumstance that detracts from its excellence is, that the hands and fingers are covered with gloves. Then there is a tiny magician, who, on a question being put to him, rises from his seat, bows, and strikes a tablet, which opens, and discovers the oracular response: and this diminutive little gentleman is never at a loss for an answer, which is more than can be said of all who would pass for conjurers. Among a variety of other curious pieces of mechanism, the most pleasing is a little bird, not larger than a bee, that springs up from beneath the lid of a snuff-box, and warbles out its lay in the most delicate tones.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

WE observe that a work by Mr. Howison, entitled *Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreations*, has recently drawn so much attention as to have reached a second edition. The same author's work on Canada was received with general approbation by the critical world, not only on account of the peculiar beauty of its descriptions, but also from the useful and important information it affords to intended settlers. The present work interests another class of emigrants—the crowds of young cadets who are continually leaving this country for situations in the East Indies. The descriptive and satirical powers of the author are not confined exclusively to that region, but wander with a flattering lustre over many other parts of the world—the West Indian Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, &c. &c., in which the British public is peculiarly interested. As the author is one of the most amusing that has hitherto undertaken to describe East Indian modes of life, we hope that he will continue to gratify the public with the fruits of his future observations.

A plan has recently been submitted to the Paving Board of the parish of St. Clement Danes, for the improvement of the neighbourhood of Temple Bar, by pulling down a vast mass of old buildings, situated between the Strand and Carey Street, and erecting a fine street of buildings, fire proof, for chambers for professional gentlemen. The projector it seems (Mr. Burton, the architect) has had this object in contemplation upwards of thirty years; and indeed it is a little wonderful that so large a space of valuable ground should have been allowed to remain so meanly occupied for so long a period. The city of London once had the subject under consideration, and subsequently the parish of St. Clement Danes; but both abandoned it. The present spirited projector, it is hoped, will find sufficient encouragement to perfect his plans; and if, in addition to this new street, the London Law Institution should erect their new building (the subscription for which is in great progress) on a contiguous spot, the whole of a disreputable neighbourhood may be changed from a place of wretchedness—

the resort of the worst, most abandoned, and most pitiable of society, to a useful, connecting, and elegant thoroughfare, honourable to the projectors, and ornamental to the metropolis. The building of the Law Institution is to comprise, a large room or hall, in the nature of an exchange, a library, coffee-house, and various suites of apartments for the general accommodation of all gentlemen connected with the profession.

Franklin Institute.—The corner-stone of the new hall of this valuable institution was laid at Philadelphia some time ago, by the grand lodge of Pennsylvania, in ample form. It is in the Seventh, a short distance below Market Street.

The building (says the Philadelphia Gazette), which will be about sixty feet in front, and one hundred in depth, will cover the whole lot, and be three stories high, exclusive of the basement. In the first story, there will be a large lecture-room, three committee-rooms, and two offices. The second story will be occupied by the United States' and district courts. The third story will have an arched ceiling, and be lighted partly from the sides, and partly from the top. It will afford extensive accommodations to the institute, for the drawing and mathematical schools, for the collection of minerals, &c., and will be so arranged that it may be thrown open if necessary into one spacious room, well calculated for the exhibitions of the society. In the basement-story, reservations will be made for the laboratory and workshops connected with the lecture-room, and for the accommodation of the family having charge of the building.

The front will be highly ornamental, and of a different character from that of any other building in Philadelphia, its order being taken from the portions of the celebrated Choric monument of Thrasylus, one of the handsomest ruins of Athens. It will present an enriched entablature, supported by four antæ, or massive pilasters, whose dimensions will be four feet square, and thirty-two feet in height: these will be constructed of marble, standing in bold relief, in advance of the front of the building, which will also be faced with marble. The plan is such, that a statue of Franklin may at any time be placed on the top of the building, thus completing the resemblance to the original edifice, on which the remnants of a statue, supposed to be from the chisel of a celebrated sculptor, are still to be seen.

The quantity of blood taken into the heart, and expelled therefrom into the arteries, by successive pulsations, in the course of twenty-four hours, has been lately estimated, by Dr. Kidd, at $24\frac{1}{2}$ hogsheads, in an ordinary man, and 8000 hogsheads, in a large whale!—so that the whole mass of blood in such a man, reckoning at 55 pints, passes 288 times through his heart daily, or once in five minutes, by 375 pulsations, each expelling about $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of blood, or about three table-spoonsful, each pulse!

Suspension-Bridge.—An ingenious tension and suspension-bridge has been constructed near Madras, by Captain Robson. The dimensions are as follow: the span is one hun-

dred and one feet long; the breadth of the bridge is four feet. Although it is constructed entirely of bamboos and coir-rope, and none of the ropes exceed four inches in diameter, it sustains a weight exceeding three tons.

Newspapers published in India.—At Calcutta.—The John Bull (daily); the Bengal Hurkaru (daily); the Scotsman in the East (daily); the Government Gazette (Mondays and Thursdays); the India Gazette (Mondays and Thursdays); and the Bengal Weekly Messenger (Sundays). The native papers are the Miratool-Akhbar; the Jami Jehan Numa; the Sunghaud Cowmuddy; and the Summochar Chundrica (weekly). At Madras.—The Madras Courier (Tuesdays); the Madras Government Gazette (Thursdays); and the Madras Gazette (Saturdays). There are no native papers. At Bombay.—The Bombay Courier (Saturdays); the Bombay Gazette (Wednesdays); and the Weekly Gleaner (Sundays). The only native paper is the Summochar nâ Chandrikha (weekly). At Ceylon.—The Ceylon Gazette (weekly). At Penang.—The Penang Gazette (weekly). At Singapore.—The Singapore Chronicle (weekly). N. B.—Those papers which are published weekly and half-weekly, circulate supplementary sheets during the week.

Permanency of Human Hair.—M. Picett has lately made a comparison between a recent human hair and those from the head of a mummy from the Isle of Teneriffe, with respect to the constancy of those properties which render hair important as a hygrometric substance. For this purpose hygrometers, constructed according to Saussure's principles, were made, one with a recent hair, and the other with hair from the mummy. The ancient hairs were not so strong as the other, or of sufficient length alone, but the latter objection was obviated by tying four together. The results of the experiments were, that in both instruments, the interval between extremes of moisture and the dryness of the chamber (about 25°) was passed in three minutes; that the indications, like those of the thermometer, &c., were rapid on leaving the first term, and became slower on approaching the second; that the hygrometric quality of the Guanche hair is sensibly the same as that of the recent hair.

Lunatics and Lunatic Asylums.—A return has been made and printed of the number of private madhouses, and of their unfortunate inmates, within the bills of mortality and the county of Middlesex; from which it appears that the number of these houses is rather more than forty, and that the number of patients fluctuates from about 1000 to 1700: of these, 850, or about one half, are confined in six houses belonging to one person at Bethnal Green, and are for the most part, we suppose, parish paupers, farmed at the rate of about ten shillings a week. Lord Robert Seymour (whose attention to this subject reflects equal honour on his rank and his humanity), in a printed letter, addressed to the magistrates of Middlesex, says, that 'he saw in one house at Bethnal Green, 352 paupers, 192 private patients, and 53 attendants, making, in all, 544 persons. Amongst them were the pauper-lunatics of Mary-le-

bone, St. George's, Hanover Square, and St. Anne's, Soho. Each of the dormitories, which are very low rooms, contains from sixteen to twenty beds; and, on the female side, many of the paupers lie two in a bed, the bedsteads being eighteen inches from each other, and the exercising-yards of the paupers being more crowded than ever yet was a dog-kennel: yet, adds his lordship, 'I found, upon inquiry, that, if twenty additional patients were sent to them to-morrow for admission, they would be taken in.' His lordship, who, it appears, is also a Governor of Bethlem Hospital, states, in the same letter, the following facts, confirmatory of what may be expected from a different kind of accommodation—viz., that, in 1823, of 173 patients, 76 were discharged as cured; and, in 1824, 64, out of 163;—that this was effected chiefly by moral means, with very little personal restraint,—occupation, amusements—and principally by the size of the airing-grounds, being such as to admit of bodily exercise, and mental tranquillity.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.
IMPROMPTU.

Mrs. Sparks assaulting Miss Smith for going to pray with her husband.

When Sparks fly around, other Smiths are well known,

For protection, to trust to their aprons alone;
'Tis hard, then, methinks,—though by some deem'd a joke,—

That this Smith can't escape, though wrapp'd up in a cloke. J. C.

ANOTHER.

Be advis'd, my old Spark, put an end to this strife,

And go, like a Christian, to pray with your wife;

Or, when next in the horse-pond they drag you about,

They'll stifle and quench you, before you get out. J. C.

The common salutation in Cochinchina is, to bow down to the ground five times to the king, four times to persons next in rank to him, three times to persons in the third rank, twice to any other mandarins, and once to all superior officers.

Sacrifices to Confucius.—From the *Shing-meaou-che* it appears that there are in China 1560 temples dedicated to Confucius. At the spring and autumnal sacrifices offered to him, it is calculated, in the work now quoted, that there are immolated, on these occasions, annually,—

Bullocks	6
Pigs	27,000
Sheep	5,800
Deer	2,800
Rabbits	27,000
	62,606

Thus there are annually sacrificed to Confucius, in China, upwards of 62,000 victims; and it is added, there are offered at the same time 27,600 pieces of silk. What becomes of these does not appear.

Good Breeding.—A farmer, who came up to town to visit his brother, who kept a shop in — Street, having given some offence to his sister-in-law, who piqued herself upon her gentility, by something that did not ac-

cord with her idea of good manners, she pertly told him that he was very ill-bred, and did not even know what good breeding was. 'Why, look ma'am,' replied he, 'as for that, I consider myself quite as well bred as you, for all your fine airs: my mother had seventeen of us in sixteen years; and that I take to be very good breeding.'

To Sham Abraham.—The phrase of shamming Abraham, still extant among sailors, is supposed to have had its origin in a set of vagabonds, called *Abraham-men*, who wandered about the country soon after the dissolution of the religious houses. They are described, in the Canting Academy, as called *Abram-men*, or Toms of Bedlam, who 'are very strangely and anticly garbed, with several coloured ribbons or tapes in their hats, it may be, instead of a feather, a fox-tail hanging down, a long stick with ribbons streaming, and the like; yet, for all their seeming madness, they have wit enough to steal as they go.' This is the species of *beggar* described by Randle Home, in his Academy of Arms and Blazon: he says, 'The *bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; but his clothing is more fantastic and ridiculous; for, being a madman, he is madly decked, and dressed all over with ribbons, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not, to make him seem a madman, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Aug. 5	60	70	60	29 60	Fair.
.... 6	61	65	59	.. 65	Showery.
.... 7	60	72	60	.. 82	Fair.
.... 8	61	71	58	.. 70	Showery.
.... 9	60	68	55	.. 74	Fair.
.... 10	57	64	54	.. 77	Showery.
.... 11	55	66	60	30 04	Fair.

Works published since our last notice.—Hawker's Instructions to Sportsmen, 4th edition, royal 8vo. 12s. 1s. —Alphonse, a tragedy, 8vo. 4s. 6d. —Gourgaud's Napoleon, and the Army in Russia, 8vo. 12s. —Letter to Sir C. Long on the Improvements in the Western Part of London, 1s. 6d. —Il Decamerone di Boccaccio, con un Discorso Critico da Ugo Foscolo, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 24s. 6d. —Moss's Classical Bibliography, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 10s. —Newton's Studies in Public Speaking and Recitation, 12mo. 4s. —Gibney on Vapour Bath, 7s. —Jowitt's Researches in Syria, 10s. —Legends of the North, 9s. —Bredow's Historical Tables, 2nd edition, enlarged, folio, 12s. 10s. —Stannard on the Seventy Weeks of Daniel, 8vo. 15s.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

THE AUTOMATONS.—The Musical Lady and Ten other Automats, including the Walking Figure, are now exhibiting in the Gothic Hall, 7, Haymarket (next the Little Theatre), which, by the power of mechanism, at a cost of more than £16,000, display, by their perfect imitation of animated nature, the highest achievements of human skill and ingenuity. The spacious and richly decorated Hall is surrounded by a noble collection of Ancient Armour, the whole forming the most magnificent and gratifying exhibition ever opened to the Nobility and Public.—At 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 o'clock, will be introduced Performances on the Sostenente Piano-Forte, by a celebrated Professor. Open from Ten till Six.—Admittance 2s.—Children 1s. Several Self-acting Musical Instruments for Sale.

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